

June 1925

The Student's Den



*Graduation
Number*

Graduation Gifts

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Leather Writing Cases in various colors **\$3.00 to \$12.50**
 Leather Picture Frames, **\$1.50 to \$6.50**
 Sewing Rolls **\$1.00 to \$8.59**
 Traveling Clocks, **\$10.00 to \$28.50**
 Jewel Boxes **\$1.50 to \$12.50**
 "Mark Cross" Change Purses **\$3.00 to \$10.50**
 Fitted Overnight Bags, **\$10.00 to \$25.00**
 Medicine Cases **\$1.50 to \$6.50**
 Bridge Sets **\$1.50 to \$10.00**
 Fancy Silk Bags in assorted colors **\$3.50 to \$25.00**

For the Boy Graduate

Genuine Cowhide Brief Cases, **\$3.98 to \$10.00**
 Men's Fitted Leather Traveling Cases **\$5.00 to \$25.00**
 Leather Roll-ups, **\$5.00 and \$6.00**
 Men's Bill and Change Purses, **\$1.00 to \$5.00**
 Men's Leather Letter Cases, **\$2.50 to \$10.00**
 Men's Leather Wallets, with identification cards, **\$1.00 to \$10.00**
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Pittsfield High School, traveling along the highway of time, has now reached her seventy-fifth birthday. Since it seems quite appropriate that some recognition should be made of this anniversary, all of the essays in the Commencement issue are in commemoration of this event.

The Settlement of Pontoosuck

"Where the dale in Greylock's shadow lies,
A myriad streamlets flow,
And, gliding on through grove and glade,
In braided beauty glow."

TO those who are new comers to Pittsfield, how beautiful it is! To those who have watched its growth, how wonderful! Both stranger and native alike are impressed by the prosperous business section, the wide avenues of stately elms, the comfortable homes facing lawns of velvet and, most of all, by the border of blue mountains that frame the entire picture.

More than a century and a half ago, an unbroken wilderness claimed this section between the Hoosac and Taconic mountains—gorgeous mountains with only the Indians who loved them, the birds and beasts who inhabited them, and the rivers and lakes that nestled among them, to disturb their peaceful grandeur. Here the Mohegan Indians had their hunting ground in the district which they called "Poon-toosuck"—"A Field for Winter Deer." It is this favorite spot of the Indians that became the center of controversy between the English of Massachusetts and the Dutch of New York.

In 1734, Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton, in return for his services in the Indian Wars, received from the General Court of Massachusetts a grant of one thousand acres, to be by him selected in some convenient place. Colonel Stoddard chose the land extending along the eastern branch of the Housatonic river. This section was, however, in the following year granted to Boston with the proviso that there must be at least sixty families settled upon the land by the end of five years. A church must be built and provisions made for schools. Boston, however, met with no success in attracting settlers to this western wilderness.

A few years later, a gentleman of Dutch lineage, Colonel Jacob Wendell of Boston, purchased from the town of Boston, the Pontoosuck grant, and from the Indians, additional land including that of the present Pittsfield. But it appears that Colonel Wendell was acting for a kinsman, Philip Livingstone of Albany. Therefore, because of the entanglement of property rights, these three men, Stoddard, Wendell, and Livingstone divided the township among themselves subject to the terms of the original grant to Boston. By them the town was laid out—one road running east

and west; another, north and south. Then the land was divided into lots of one hundred acres each. Livingstone, because his interests were with the Dutch, promptly sent seventy New York Dutchmen here to become settlers. These strangers from the Hudson valley took but one glance at our towering mountains, and then returned immediately to their broad and level farms.

Shortly after this attempt, a second was made by English pioneers from Westfield. The land was cleared and a little village was about to come into being. Then news of the French and Indian War sent the men hurrying back to a section less dangerously exposed.

For six years the valley seemed forgotten. At the end of that time, the settlers returned once more to take up their task. By the summer of 1752, which is usually accounted the birth-year of Pittsfield, Solomon Deming and his wife, Sarah, moved from Wethersfield, Connecticut and settled in the eastern part of the tract. It is this Sarah Deming that rests in the quiet, little burial spot on the present Williams Street, near her original property, which more than once she was forced to defend from the attacks of the Indians. Mrs. Deming was the first white woman in the settlement and she outlived all of the settlers of her period.

That same year, came Charles Goodrich, destined to be one of the most prominent settlers in Poontoosuck, guiding the first team of horses that entered the town, and with an axe, clearing his way. He was one of the most influential inhabitants of the town, since he owned much land in what is now Pittsfield, Hancock, Lanesboro, and Dalton. On his own lot he built the first frame house in the settlement; under his direction East Street was laid; and to him is attributed the saving of the "Old Elm" from the original forest.

In June, 1753, the settlers were incorporated under the name of "The Proprietors of the Settling Lots in the Township of Poontoosuck." The Legislature of Boston gave the inhabitants limited powers of taxation, certain functions of town government, and the right to hold meetings.

At last it seemed that the town thus established would flourish. The second French and Indian War, however, sent the settlers fleeing to Stockbridge. A small group of the most daring soon returned to four fortified houses; one belonging to Colonel William Williams, who lived where the Junction is; the second, Fort Goodrich, located at the junction of Holmes Road, Elm and Newell Streets; the third, built by Stephen Crofut and Nathaniel Fairfield near the junction of Holmes Road and Pomeroy Avenue; and the fourth on the south-western shore of Lake Onota, now Fort Hill. After the building of the forts, most of the frightened settlers returned and the town became firmly established.

Through the efforts of William Williams, the town was incorporated and named Pittsfield after William Pitt, England's Prime Minister, who showed much interest in the colonies. The sixty families, delighted with their new name, promptly called a town meeting at the home of Deacon Crofut, just east of the Elm Street bridge. Officers were elected, taxes and schools discussed, and the government of the town started.

The prominent buildings of the settlement were the church and school, both of which exerted a strong influence on the moral life of the people. The minister was

unanimously awarded the munificent salary of three hundred dollars per annum; the teacher, one dollar a week plus board, more or less variable.

The life of these people was not one of ease and comfort. Work they must, and work they did. The town-fathers, supported by the pillory and the whipping post, saw to it that each man did his bit. Before a row of beans could be raised, it was necessary to level the forest; before a hill of corn could flourish, the ground must be harrowed and plowed. The forests abounded in game; the rivers were filled with fish. It was the duty of the men to provide the plantation with both. In their spare moments, more cabins were built for the new settlers. Nor were the women idle; theirs, the task of cooking the game and the coarse meal; theirs, the light labor of the farms; theirs, the care for the sick. Yet in spite of the hardships, they were happy.

The value of the water power was soon appreciated by the men of Pittsfield; mills rapidly sprang up along the banks of the Housatonic. The grist and saw mills were the basis of the prosperous economic life which the people of this settlement were destined to enjoy in those days which preceded the agitation that led to the Revolution.

Elizabeth Bradley, 1st Honor.

Pittsfield during the Revolutionary Days

ONE might easily imagine that, surrounded by the hills as they were, the people of Pittsfield would scarcely feel the wave of opposition which was sweeping the Atlantic sea coast. However, the very nature of their life in the open, unrestrained country made them lovers of liberty, and Pittsfield, though seemingly in a peaceful condition, was greatly stirred by the passage of such momentous bills as the Writ of Assistance, the Stamp Act, the Townsend Revenue Acts, and the quartering of the British troops in Boston. Discussion popularized the Whig party, which championed the rights of the colonists, although some there were who, closely connected by ties of friendly association, still clung to the party of the king.

Prominent among the men who gave their allegiance to the cause of liberty were James Easton, Oliver Root, William Francis, Deacon Wright, David Noble, John Strong, and Dr. Timothy Childs. With such men as leaders, the Pittsfield militia was organized, the entire company consisting of fifty-one men from Pittsfield and twenty-one from Richmond, all well drilled, armed, and equipped. As soon as the news of the battle of Lexington reached Pittsfield, these minute men started on their way to Cambridge, but on their arrival in Springfield they found, much to their dismay, that their immediate service was not needed. However, they were eager to have a share in the conflict and held themselves in readiness for any call which they might receive. The women, too, were kept busy preparing clothing for the soldiers. During the first winter, they held many "spinning matches" and "clothing bees." The mothers and daughters gathered about the fires and soon the industrious click of the loom and the hum of the spinning wheel filled the kitchens.

The news of Burgoyne's intended attack on Bennington reached Pittsfield, August 15, 1777. Immediately Reverend Mr. Allen, pastor of the First Church, assembled the men of his congregation, and, musket in hand, called upon them to

go out and fight for their rights. His call was answered and a small company started for Bennington in the pouring rain. Arriving there, tired and drenched after their thirty mile hike, they reported to General Stark just before daylight, Parson Allen addressing the commander as follows: "We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We are now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again."

"Then," said Stark, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again."

When the morning dawned bright and clear, the memorable conflict began. General Stark kept his promise. As the regiment to which Reverend Mr. Allen was attached approached the Tory outworks in its counter marching, he, suspecting that some of his old neighbors might be there, stepped a little nearer and pointed out to his opponents the futility of their resistance. Their answer was what might have been expected.

"There's Parson Allen. Let's pop him!"

A shower of bullets followed, which fortunately, due perhaps to the nervous workmanship of the musketeers, did not strike him. Having satisfied his conscience and believing the matter now rested entirely in their own hands, he coolly turned to his brother, Lieutenant Joseph Allen, and said, "Now give me a musket; you load and I'll fire!" And fire he did, the first gun in that glorious battle. All day long the men of Berkshire fought bravely, and before night fell, they had the great satisfaction of witnessing the complete defeat of the British forces. This was one of the momentous battles of the great conflict which won freedom for the American colonists and we, of Pittsfield, may well look with pride and satisfaction upon the splendid record made by the men of Berkshire under the leadership of the courageous pastor of the old First Church.

This brilliant victory, which led to the cutting off of British communications with Lake Champlain and closed the northern gateway to the English, was followed by the surrender of Burgoyne. The fighting during the next four years took place in fields quite remote from Pittsfield. Little action, therefore, directly involved the Pittsfield people.

In 1783, came peace and acknowledged independence. The event was celebrated in Pittsfield with great rejoicing. A service in commemoration was held at the village meeting house and "Fighting Parson" Allen expressed in fervent manner the gratitude that was felt toward God for bringing to a close a war which had cost so many lives. After the service, the quaint, old, gambrel-roofed house, built by Colonel Easton, and now the Unitarian rectory, was the seat of a great feast, known as the Peace Party. Young and old flocked from all directions to the gathering. The ladies came, mounted on their pillions and dressed in garments suitable for riding, but they did not fail to bring with them their most costly gowns hoping that some kind friend might allow them a room in which to prepare for the banquet. And what a feast it was! For meat, there was half a roasted ox and many geese and turkeys. There were fancy bakings, huge tubs of punch and an abundance of wine and cider in accord with the custom of the time.

At the close of the war, the people returned to the labors of peace, following the agricultural pursuits in which they had previously been engaged. But the quiet,

routine was interrupted in 1825 by the visit of General LaFayette to Pittsfield. The year before, General LaFayette had promised to honor the town with a visit and preparations for his arrival were therefore elaborate. As he came from Albany, he was met at the state line and welcomed to the county and commonwealth by Sheriff Brown. Here, after making acknowledgments with his usual grace and courtesy, LaFayette took his seat in a coach richly festooned with flowers and drawn by four, spirited, grey horses and was born rapidly to Pittsfield.

At the church a speech of welcome in behalf of the ladies of Berkshire was presented by Professor Batchelder of the Medical College. The "Sun's" report states that "the brilliant display of beauty and elegance of Berkshire females evidently made a deep impression on the General," and it may be so, for the Berkshire ladies of that era were widely noted for their loveliness.

After the public reception, a sumptuous dinner was served at the hotel, Colonel Danforth toasting LaFayette as, "Our beloved guest, General LaFayette; the companion in arms of Washington, Greene, Gates, and other brave officers of the Revolutionary army." The General responded: "The citizens of Berkshire and the people of Pittsfield—may they continue to enjoy more and more, the benefits of their industry, and the fruits of their republican institutions." The visit of LaFayette was the crowning event in the social life of the period.

After his departure, the people returned, once more, to those occupations which formed the more serious side of life, the development of their town and the moral, religious, and educational training of their children. It can never be doubted that their steadfastness and perseverance, their love of beauty and their desire to make Pittsfield a renowned village have had an effect on the remarkable growth of this city. Their feeling for justice and liberty has left its mark on the Pittsfield of today so that we may say with Reverend Mr. Allen—"The morality and religion of its inhabitants will ever remain its principal glory."

Martha B. Schulze, 2nd Honor.

Early Education in Pittsfield

"THE public school system of America today, in its essential features, is the gift of the Puritans." Our history books tell us that Massachusetts' greatest glory was the leadership which the state took in originating and developing to a great extent, the public school system of America. Nowhere was there such enthusiasm and desire for education as in our own commonwealth.

The first efforts toward education were made in the various towns, and our city was not far behind the leaders. The year 1762 marked the birth of the public school system of Pittsfield.

We began in a small way by appropriations of £22 in 1762 and £16 in 1764, sums considered generous in those days. Our interest was stimulated by the promise of the Reverend Mr. Allen to give £6 yearly for five years toward the support of the schools. At once appropriations rose to £100 and continued to increase until the Revolution.

The question of school buildings provoked animated discussion from the first. An early contract for the erection of three schools had been broken, but in 1766 a

similar one was made with Colonel James Easton. One of these new buildings was to be twenty-two feet square and the others each seventeen feet square. Each building was to have four windows. Contrasted with our schools of today, these buildings were crude, bare, and cheerless, but in those days they were considered ideal. The largest of these schoolhouses was situated about where the Park Hotel now stands. Due to Pittsfield's growth and to an increased interest in education, more schools were later established until, before the Revolution, Pittsfield had five schools.

Of the teachers and studies of these schools very little is known. The subjects taught were probably similar to those taught in our grammar schools today. We have the names of only three teachers: Mr. John Strong, Mrs. Phineas Parker and a son of Colonel Partridge. These three trained their pupils in the rudiments and helped them become God-fearing, well-behaved boys and girls.

With the establishment of these district schools Pittsfield considered that it had done its work well and could now afford to let things run along smoothly with no attempts at improvement. So, we find little advancement in public education here until Horace Mann was made secretary of the State Board of Education. When he visited Pittsfield in 1840, he expressed his opinion of our attitude thus: "To make an impression for the cause of free education in Berkshire is like attempting to batter down the rocks of Gibraltar with one's fists." This ardent leader, by his plan for holding Teachers' Institutes in the larger towns, raised the standards of education in the whole state. On his second visit to Pittsfield he wrote: "At last there is a little dawning of summer in the Berkshire Arctic regions of learning. All the schools were on their vacation. Governor Briggs and myself borrowed brooms of a neighbor and swept and dusted the dirty schoolhouse and had all ready for a very well attended institute at nine o'clock." We see from his words that there was beginning to be some hope for improvement in our educational system. This progress has been continuous until today our public schools rank high among those of other cities in the state.

We must remember that these schools which have been discussed were all district schools, that is, they corresponded to our grammar schools of today. But there were other schools to which the name "grammar" was also applied, but which, in reality, corresponded to our "high" schools of today.

As early as 1747, there was a state law which required every town of one hundred householders or over to maintain a grammar school with a curriculum and instructor capable of fitting youths for Cambridge University. Many towns of Massachusetts, including Pittsfield, for a long time completely ignored this requirement until, with the re-establishment of courts in Berkshire County, action for a grammar school was started by a move of the democrats, who threatened an indictment against the federalists of the town for ignoring this grammar school law and for evading the fine for the neglect. Roused by the threatened attack, the federalists protested that the finances of the town would not warrant a further investment in education, and though several efforts were later made to change this public sentiment, not one succeeded.

In view of this difficulty of obtaining a suitable preparation for college, several private schools were established.

Under the leadership of Professor Chester Dewey, the Berkshire Gymnasium, a private school for boys, was conducted from 1829 to 1836. This school, located where St. Joseph's church now stands, was noted for its excellence in natural science. All other branches of education, usual in schools just below the rank of college, were taught here, and it was with regret that the people of Pittsfield learned that it was to be discontinued.

Perhaps the best known private school Pittsfield had in its early years was the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute, which was started in 1841 by Rev. William Hart Tyler, a graduate of Amherst college. The site purchased for this school consisted of twenty acres of land on which the Maplewood Hotel now stands. The idea of educating women was a new one. Never before had people in general realized that a woman's education is in every way as important as a man's. Mr. Tyler believed this, however, and put into the curriculum of his school such subjects as Greek, psychology, logic, and metaphysics. However, he did not neglect the lighter accomplishments of music and art. When, in 1850, the old First Congregational Church building, which had been partially destroyed by fire, was moved to the school grounds and remodeled into a gymnasium, regular gymnastic exercises and dancing were introduced, much to the horror of spectators who considered dancing wicked. One of these spectators comforted himself for this evil by saying that this was not dancing at all, but a kind of holy shuffling.

During the moving of the church, Mr. Tyler had been injured, and soon was forced to sell the school to Professor J. H. Agnew. This new leader emphasized more strongly the arts, and under him, the name of the school was changed to that of the Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute. Under various leaders, the school continued to produce "educated women who should yet be gentlewomen," until in 1884, it was sold for a summer hotel. The school's influence still exists for, in 1919, three scholarships were established by its alumnae, one at Agnes Scott College, Georgia, one at Mills College, California, and one at Smith College, Northampton. In addition, a trust fund was established in 1923, for the purpose of awarding semi-annually a prize to the girl student of Pittsfield High School who submits the best essay on a subject given in the regular school work, the winning composition being known as the Maplewood Prize Essay.

Another very famous school, the Berkshire Medical Institution, for over forty years contributed much to the town's prosperity both materially and intellectually. Its buildings were situated across the park from the corner of North and West streets, probably near where the Athenaeum is now located. This school was granted its charter in 1823 by the General Court, and steps were immediately taken toward the selection of studies and teachers. The whole town approved of the establishment of the institute both because of the actual benefits received therefrom and because of the prestige and importance which the school lent to Pittsfield. But there was one serious drawback to the people's satisfaction. In order to learn the structure of the human frame, students found it necessary to have a supply of anatomical subjects upon which to work. The easiest and cheapest way of obtaining these was, obviously, to go out and dig them up. Imagine the horror which we would feel today if, with no law preventing, someone should dig up the bodies of those recently deceased. Yet, this was exactly the case just before this school was established. We are

told of a woman who dreamed that the grave of her dead son was empty, and on investigation, found that her dream had come true. However, the people's fear that a medical school would increase this grave-robbing was lessened by the fact that the school could afford to obtain a supply of subjects legitimately.

In later years a free clinic was established by the institute, whereby certain diseases could be treated by the students to the benefit of the students themselves and of those who were afflicted. As the years went by, attendance slowly declined until in 1869 the building was sold, and this school, having done incalculable good, came to an end.

There have been, and are today, other private educational institutions in Pittsfield, and their establishment, their growth, and their wide reputation for scholarship are a matter of pride to the city of Pittsfield. It is, however, a significant fact, that as these schools have developed, so too have public institutions of learning kept pace with them. Education is no longer for the wealthy alone. It has been given to the common people; it has been placed within the reach of all.

If these early, private educational enterprises carried any message to the citizens of Pittsfield, it was the thought that there was a need for something more than the district schools of the day offered. They demonstrated more effectively than any mere words could, the practical and cultural value of secondary education, and served as an incentive to the citizens to furnish to all the children of the common people the opportunities which hitherto, had been reserved to the privileged classes.

Howard Hulsman.

The History of Pittsfield High School

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, on November 25, 1850, the first high school in the city of Pittsfield was opened in a little wooden building on School Street in the rear of the First Baptist Church, with an enrollment of sixty-six pupils and a faculty of two teachers.

It was a tremendous task to destroy the convictions of the people against the so-called "free school," but Mr. Jonathan Tenney, Principal, and Miss Mary Todd, Assistant, aided greatly in forming this new, free high school.

Gradually the student body increased until in 1867 a two-story building, now known as the Municipal Building, was erected on Dunham Street. The main room was thirty-eight by forty feet with a seating capacity of ninety-six and the general course of study included higher mathematics, botany, classics, philosophy, chemistry and history. The requirements for entrance were a knowledge of arithmetic, grammar and geography.

In 1872, the town of Pittsfield bought the old Medical College on South Street, and remodelled it for the use of the high school. This building stood on the site chosen for the memorial monument to the soldiers and sailors of the World War. It was destroyed by fire in 1895 and now, as excavation for the monument progresses, relics of the old building and its contents at that time are being continually found.

The voters in 1876 could not regard the high school with friendliness and on the whole it seemed like a useless and expensive superfluity. Those who wished to secure an education for their children sent them to private academies and schools. Notwithstanding these prejudices, the enrollment increased and the high school became a permanent institution of Pittsfield.

For a time the educational development was checked by the destruction by fire of the South Street building. The disaster was so complete that only a chair, a teacher's desk, and a piano were saved. Marks were destroyed and the teachers who had taken their records home were fortunate to have at least those.

During the interval in which the new building on First Street was being erected, sessions were held on one floor in the new block on the corner of West Street and Clapp Avenue, and naturally the work of the institution was conducted with great difficulty. Laboratory work was almost impossible.

At last, in 1898, our new, spacious edifice was available for occupancy. The first floor accommodated the grammar pupils, the second, the high school students, and the third was for laboratory work. That year, in the capacious auditorium, seating seven hundred, graduation exercises were conducted for the first time in our new building.

Two years after entering the new building, a commercial course was introduced. No steps were taken to secure special instructors for this course, and in addition to his regular classical work, Mr. William D. Goodwin, instructor of Latin and Greek, and Vice-Principal at the present time, was assigned the task of teaching stenography.

So extraordinarily rapid was the growth of the high school, that it soon overflowed its quarters. The grammar grades were forced to move and the high school classes gained possession of the entire building. The increase of commercial students and the development of modern business appliances necessitated the transfer of the Commercial Department to the Read School on Fenn Street. This remarkable expansion of the high school in recent years was accompanied by several noteworthy changes of method and organization, and we can be justly proud of our mayors, doctors, lawyers, and other men and women of prominence whom our worthy high school has produced.

"From the acorn creeps up to light and life the tender shoot so frail that it bends to every whispering zephyr. Years pass by and the tiny twig that nestled its head in the grass at our feet, towers above us, a majestic oak. Wonderful change, and yet it was accomplished in utter silence."

So it is with our school, which from so small a number in 1850 has risen to an enrollment of nine hundred and forty-four students and a faculty of forty instructors.

"This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities."

*Bessie Klein, 1st Honor,
Commercial,*

The Modern Commercial Course

THE Commercial side of the High School has been greatly developed during the last ten years. Many of you, present here, know that this department in days gone by was reserved for the so-called derelicts, or those who were unable to keep up with classes in other departments.

However, a decided change has come about. The commercial branch of the high school in many large cities is out-growing the other departments to such an extent that separate schools exist. It is not difficult to understand this. A glance about you, and the throbbing business world accounts for all. The standard of the Commercial High School is higher today, because the short course of two years has been abandoned and the time required for a diploma is the same as for the Academic Course.

Here in our own city we see what development has been made. From a simple beginning in the main High School, the Commercial Department has outgrown its parent, and now full-fledged, is doing a needful work in the community.

It would be more interesting, perhaps, if you could see a film illustrating what is going on at present in the Commercial Department. Five years ago this building, formerly a grammar school, had nothing in the way of equipment outside of typewriters to indicate the commercial character of the work. Today every modern business appliance from the dictaphone to the multigraph is found within its walls.

It is my endeavor tonight to try to take you through this department, touching upon each subject lightly. Upon entering, we find ourselves in the office, where we see, seated at his desk, the manager and assistant of this business concern, the principal and his student helper. This helper is a senior receiving experience, training, and real office practice.

A replica of a banking booth with room for two tellers is on this first floor. The method of procedure and the forms used are identical with those in the local savings banks. This feature of the school work has a two-fold purpose; it gives the pupils in the school the habit of saving, and second, it affords the seniors the practical experience of making real transactions. At intervals these tellers go to local banks and make the transfer of funds to a permanent bank book. Nothing has tended more to give the atmosphere of the business world to all the students than this side of the work.

In the typewriting rooms are many pupils seated at typewriters ready for the word "go". They are taking a speed test, and their motto is "Accuracy with speed."

In an adjoining room on this first floor there is a filing department in miniature. Here is an Office Practice class. The students are being taught to file in alphabetical, numerical, geographical, or automatic order letters and other valuable business papers. Everything is so arranged in filing that material may be on hand when needed by a purchasing department, a sales department, or the accounting department.

In a room across the way there is fitted a model accounting room with separate desks and chairs which are similar to those found in the offices in the city. The students are busily completing some form of transaction. Some are balancing books; many adding machines are at work aiding the student bookkeeper in checking his totals. Chief among the various types of adding machines and comptometers is the



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bookkeeping machine. This rare piece of machinery is operated by electricity and is a wonderful aid in the work of accounting.

Classes in Commercial Law give pupils a knowledge of business papers and acquaintance with court procedure, especially that having to do with torts and contracts. Mock trials are held occasionally to lend zest to the class work and to drive home principles involved.

Classes in stenography are fascinating and practical for the secretary, who acquires, on completion of the course, ability to take dictation at the rate of ninety to one hundred words a minute.

Rapid and legible penmanship, accurate and rapid calculation, cultural and business English, classes in Industrial History and Commercial Geography, together with a knowledge of the workings of our government, all have their place and purpose to round out and supplement the technical training with a background of knowledge to teach the pupil how to meet problems and find their solution. The goal is not so much the acquisition of knowledge, as the development of the pupil's power to think himself through his difficulties.

And finally, when the student goes, he finds the business world eager and ready to place him. He has learned what is expected of him, for questionnaires have been sent, here in Pittsfield, to local business firms, and the replies have furnished excellent material for study and analysis. A system of follow-up work has been installed with photographic, scholastic, physical, and domestic data that gives the school an opportunity to be of assistance to the pupil after he leaves school in securing more lucrative and congenial positions, as it has tried to prepare him while in school, to fit him for a place in the community, to make him realize that he is a public investment that will be worth all the money spent on him if he is a true, up-right citizen.

*Nettie Agnes Sackett, 2nd Honor,
Commercial.*

Pittsfield High School of Today

DURING the past seventy-five years, the progress of education in Pittsfield has been steady and consistent, until today we have a high school comprising two large buildings, having an enrollment of 944 pupils, and graduating a class of 176.

The growth has been constant but not always uniform. Some periods have seen but normal advance, while others have been marked by startling progress. The period which has seen the most remarkable changes is our own. Going back but a few years—back only to the beginning of the last decade—we find the school board faced with the ever present problem of providing adequate accommodations for an increased high school enrollment. Thus was introduced into our system the double school session with its separate group of students and faculty. This condition, however, continued for only a few years, and led ultimately to the separation, in 1914, of the Liberal Arts group and the Commercial group, the latter then being moved to its own building on Fenn Street.

A few years later, keeping abreast with the times, Pittsfield established the Junior High School System under which the school life of the pupil is divided ac-

ording to the six-three-three plan. Today Pittsfield has a registration of about 1500 in its Junior High, leaving in the main high school three classes attending in a single session.

Closely following the establishment of the Junior High, came the introduction of the Household Arts into our high school. This course is designed to meet the twentieth century clamor for practical school training. Although it is comparatively young, the value of the course has been demonstrated by the annual exhibition of practical, homely work done by the pupils. Its curriculum offers millinery, reed work and costume designing, and prepares the way for a similar course at normal school.

Another move to meet the demands of the present period was made about this time when physical training, which had previously been an incidental, was established as a definite and important part of the school curriculum. An athletic director was engaged to supervise the physical development of the boys, and a physical director, to have charge of the girls, who are required to take physical training until they become Junior A's. The value of this course in the development of good team play and cooperation, was seen two years ago when in this very auditorium the members of the school laid plans which matured so successfully that Pittsfield High School sent its basket-ball team halfway across the continent to the city of Chicago to compete in the International Basketball Tournament. In a far corner of the principal's office a row of silver trophies attests the success of Pittsfield's efforts in establishing a course in physical training.

The introduction of these new features into the school life of Pittsfield, proclaims that she is keeping pace with the times, that she is sanely marching forward, meeting the demands of the present and hopefully preparing for the future.

The scholastic standing of the graduates of Pittsfield has been creditable. With each commencement she sends about one-third of her students to various institutions of higher learning. And such has been the record made by these students that not once since the certificate privilege was first granted to Pittsfield High by the New England College Entrance Certificate Board, representing such colleges as Amherst, Williams, Middlebury and Boston University—not once has the privilege been withdrawn. In college and normal school each year Pittsfield is well represented among the honor students.

The daily routine of the student's life in Pittsfield High varies little from that in other high schools. The student is obliged to carry at least four subjects a day. These he chooses according to the course he has elected to follow. English is required of every student, but he has a certain degree of freedom in making out the rest of his program. Clubs connected with the various departments are open to those who wish to join. A school paper serves as the mouth piece for the student body. The Student Council serves as the link between students and faculty. Frequent assemblies, at which men, prominent in various walks of life, are the speakers, bring the outside world home to the students.

The seven period day, which means a day on which some special work is to be done through study, clubs, or assembly programs, is the day which most strongly appeals to the student. In every school there arises a demand for many subjects which cannot be taken up in the regular daily classes. A small group would like to

have definite drill in debating; another few wish opportunity for concert work in music; and still a third, to stress some one branch of science. So, to satisfy these demands, the various clubs have been formed. The Public Speaking Club, the Orchestra, the Radio and Etiquette Clubs are some of those open to Pittsfield High School pupils. The last of these, the Etiquette Club, which has been in existence but two years, seems to be the most popular. Each term the registration has been increased until now two large groups meet every Friday to consider the finer points of every day intercourse—business and social.

The Student Council, which is also in its infancy, is a part of the Student Government system, so popular in many high schools. With a membership of eighteen this representative student body seeks to advise the principal concerning student problems. Complaints and suggestions are brought to the Council, and discussed. Some do not merit any further consideration, but others are recommended to higher authority for action. The Council bridges the gap which often exists between pupils and teachers.

The popular seven period day sometimes brings a delightful program given in the auditorium. Special holiday programs are often arranged by the Student Council Committee. The different clubs occasionally present very interesting and instructive demonstrations of their work. Noted speakers frequently bring to the student body an inspiring message,—a story of ambition and accomplishment, of disappointment and victory.

So, through a happy period of work and play, the students come at last to this night, which brings to them the roll of ribbon-bound paper that has been their goal; and it is our hope that the coming years will find Pittsfield High School, wherever she may be housed, holding her place in the ranks of progress and in the hearts of her students.

Agnes Wentworth

Historic Pittsfield

Maplewood Prize Essay

HISTORY! What does that word call to mind? For some, who always view history as a great romantic story, a curtain is drawn back, and Louis XIV and his gay courtiers make merry revelry, or perhaps the person seems to see gallant knights riding in a tourney and then, victorious, receiving their rewards from their fair ladies. Others, interested in that which more closely concerns the present, think immediately of Bismarck with his ideas of militarism, Napoleon, who would "rule the world", or the Balkan situation. Very seldom, however, do we think of the very place in which we live. What has happened among people who founded the very society in which we live seems to concern most of us very little. Once we do begin to explore the history of Pittsfield, we are well repaid, for we find that it, too, has its fascinating legends, its interesting war stories and its prominent characters.

Years ago, instead of hearing the whang of a tennis ball as it meets the racket when a game is in process at the lake, one would have been more likely to hear the bow sing as some Indian sent an arrow to its mark; and here and there among the trees, instead of seeing youths in white flannels and girls in dainty dresses, one

would have seen the stolid faces of the Redskins. It is true that we see very few relics of those days—only an arrowhead dug up here and there—but as long as Pittsfield lives, so will the Indian live in our legends as well as in the names which identify our mountains and lakes—Pontoosuc, Yokum, Onota and Hoosac.

The cycle of Pittsfield's history now moves on and Englishmen take the place of the Indian. Rude buildings replace wigwams, the change from the red to the white man has been made.

In 1735 Colonel Jacob Wendell bought the thirty-six square miles which now make up the city of Pittsfield. The price, \$6,600 would scarcely buy a bungalow at the present time.

Although a few settlers came to Pittsfield in the next few years, it was not until 1752 that it was settled permanently. It was in that year that Sara Deming, the first white woman, came to Pittsfield. She was of the type which makes a person think of the early Puritan and Pilgrim women so courageous was she. There are very few people who would care to be alone for very many nights in the section where Sara Deming lived even now when it is fairly well built up, but she stayed there alone when there were no other white people anywhere near her and when the woods were full of Indians.

From its earliest years Pittsfield had an "aristocracy" of its own. It was not essentially money which made this group prominent but rather it was something more to be desired as the foundation of a growing community, culture and refinement. To this "aristocracy" belonged the Pomeroy, Merrill, Childs, Francis, Plunkett and Wendell families.

Being situated in Massachusetts, a state always a leader in colonial affairs, Pittsfield had its part in the wars fought by the colonies. During the colonial wars Pittsfield had to be constantly on its guard and at various times forts were erected to keep off the marauding Indians. This section did not suffer a very great material loss as a result of these wars but it did suffer in the fact that the growth of Western Massachusetts was impeded by them.

Then came the war which divided Pittsfield into two distinct factions. Whereas the colonial wars had united the people for the common purpose of protection, the Revolutionary War served to make a sharp break. Traditions, precedent and ties naturally formed with England struggled with independence and love of liberty. So one group set about to obey England, while the other fought for freedom. Pittsfield men were prominent in the battles of Bunker Hill, Bennington and Saratoga. Parson Allen, "the fighting parson," was probably one of the most interesting of those urging separation from England. In connection with the Battle of Bennington Parson Allen was asked if he had killed anyone, to which he replied: "I don't know. I noticed a puff of smoke at intervals from a certain bush and as often as I saw that smoke, I noticed that one of General Stark's men fell. I fired that way and the puffs of smoke ceased."

In 1783 peace came and in celebration of this event a Peace Party was held in Colonel Easton's new home. Here tinkling music and a merry feast replaced the grim suffering and horror of war.

However, Pittsfield was to enjoy peace only for a short time, for in 1812 the town again took part in war, this time the war of 1812. At this time there was a

camp where St. Joseph's church property and the Maplewood Hotel now stand and from this camp the Berkshire men went.

In 1898 during the Spanish War there were no regular companies although about thirty men joined companies from other sections of the states. Since these volunteers were very young and inexperienced, there were no officers among them.

The record in the World War is well known and it needs no lengthy paragraph to tell of what the Pittsfield men did. All realize the bravery of those who came back alive, and celebrate it. All join in paying tribute to those who fell.

No country, state or city can make any notable progress unless its citizens are educated. Pittsfield realized this and shortly after it had been permanently settled, started to make appropriations for education. In 1761, nine years after the real founding of Pittsfield, there were one hundred pupils between the ages of five and eighteen. For educating these children the magnificent sum of sixty dollars and ninety-two cents was set aside. Five years later it was decided to divide Pittsfield into three districts, building a school for each district. One wonders what kind of schools they were when he reads that the three of them together cost \$180. In 1781 Pittsfield boasted five schoolhouses.

From 1781 on, there was constant progress. Indeed Pittsfield became so proud of its schools that it demanded that its teachers, even for the lowest grades, know Greek and Latin. Later this restriction was removed. In 1898 the present high school was opened and from that time on numerous grammar schools have been built until now Pittsfield has an excellent school system.

When a large city grows up there must be places for the people to work. So it is with Pittsfield. However, the General Electric Company made Pittsfield; not Pittsfield, the General Electric. So Pittsfield did not become at all large until the General Electric Company located here. There are numerous other places of employment, the woolen mills, Eaton, Crane and Pike Paper Company, and the banks and commercial establishments for those who prefer that type of work.

Thus Pittsfield has grown up from an Indian-inhabited wilderness to a fair-sized city, and during this process of growth so many interesting things have happened that it is much harder to be able to stop reading than to be able to find something to read. Pittsfield is proof that one need not go to a foreign country in order to find history which is interesting and delightful.

Lois Young, '25.

History of June Class of '25

SEPTEMBER 6th, 1921 is a date long to be remembered, for on that day the June class of 1925 started its brilliant career. There entered into that ancient and historic building, the Pittsfield High School, a group of freshmen, freshmen different from any that had ever before been known there. We were, on the whole, a very wide awake and sophisticated class even from the beginning. About us was none of that verdant atmosphere so common to the ordinary entering classes. Of course, there were a few exceptions who sought friendly aid from the upper classmen and arrived in the basement instead of the room on the third floor where they wished to go. But to the majority, it was impossible to tell anything. We were, moreover, such an industrious and ambitious class, that when the first marks came out, lo and

behold, our class ranked so high, that we have never been able to reach our own record a second time.

In the second year, practically every one of us, sophomores now you know, impossible as it may seem, learned something new; we realized that there is more to this life than books: for instance, athletics, school clubs and school dances.

At this time, too, a new member joined the ranks, namely, "Bob" Heister; and proud indeed is the class of him, for later through his wonderful ability in athletics, he brought much fame and glory to us and to the Pittsfield High School. Also, during this year a gap was made in our ranks by the death of Alan Mee, a classmate and friend of all.

Class organization took place Sept. 18th, 1923, and Miss Morse was chosen adviser, a selection which was the one thing needed to make the June class of 1925, the greatest and best ever.

It was decided that it would be a good idea to have the members get better acquainted. "Jimmie" Maloy thought there wasn't enough time for this in classes, so a party it was, and a glorious time was enjoyed by all. All this occurred on December 7, 1923. But, the consequences—"Norm" Hollister, our witty press agent, proclaimed it in the "Eagle" as a school party, and then there was some explaining to do. But that party was a success, for everyone became "acquainted." It was during this third year that "Ev" Stewart, now one of our cheer leaders, joined the ranks; and the "Great Trimvirate" was completed—Eddie, Bob and Ev.

During the last part of the junior year practically all interest centered in the Junior "Prom." Talk about dark days during the war! Well, we certainly went thru some dark days when it was announced that no more high school dances were to be held at the Masonic Temple and that, worse than this, no outsiders might come. Our visions of financial profits began to fade. However, the Junior "Prom" had hard working committees, and no effort was spared to make the "Prom" a social success. Here we realized fully for the first time the wise choice our class had made in its adviser, for the decorations and, in fact, the whole "Prom" could not have been what they were, had it not been for the work of Miss Morse. Enough said—the "Prom" was an event long to be remembered, and the June class of 1925 had set a mark that future classes will have difficulty in attaining.

As seniors, our first act was to appoint a ring committee. After numerous arguments a choice was finally made which proved satisfactory to the majority. Never was a girl prouder of her diamond than were the Senior B's of their rings.

As Senior A's—"A play or dance," that was the question. A joint meeting was held to settle this debate. Various orators did their best for their respective sides. The play won. But the victory was brief, for two weeks later, owing to numerous obstacles, a dance was decided on. Great credit goes to that dance committee which, in so short a time, arranged such a successful dance.

As soon as the Hop was settled, once again there was a mighty question—Class day or Kid day. Class day now, and today you know the result.

There now remain only two senior activities: Graduation and the banquet. And with these two activities over, the history of the June class of 1925, the greatest class yet, will be completed.

By Hazel Clark and Lois Young

The Last Will and Testament

OF THE

CLASS OF JUNE, 1925

NOW all men by their presents—that we, the June class of 1925, the High School, city of Pittsfield in the County of Berkshire, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of good health and of sound and disposing mind and memory (for the first time in four years) do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

Item: We leave and bequeath to the seniors the privilege of paying their class tax as promptly as we have done. Also the right to walk along the halls without having a slip, (that is, if they can “get away” with it).

Item: We bequeath also to the aforementioned class the laborious task of discovering duplicates for Gorham Beckwith, our “Math Shark;” Elizabeth Bradley, “our Latin genius;” Lois Young, our “U. S. History Wizard;” and Winifred Kilbridge, our “Greek student.”

Item: To the juniors, we leave the ability to make their “Prom” as successful as was ours.

Item: Agnes Wentworth leaves her position as editor of “The Pen” to Marjorie White.

Item: Helen Patten leaves to Wilfred Blais the high privilege of saying the three sweetest words in the world, namely, “Class Tax Due.”

Item: Dorothy Newhall and Phyllis Martin bequeath their mirror to any vain male or female who may occupy the seventh seat, fifth row, in Room 14.

Item: Helen Ralston leaves her world-famous giggles to Virginia Dennison but advises her not to use them in the class room, as they are very disturbing to other studious pupils.

Item: To Bob Nolan, the privilege to acquire another fountain pen which is to be used at the convenience of seniors only.

Item: To the boys in general, we leave the right to raise the green flag on the High School, March 17th, provided that they use wire instead of rope in order to give the janitor a little more trouble.

Item: To the teachers on second floor, the hope that you may find another pest which will take the place of Jim Maloy.

Item: To the members of the illustrious faculty, the honor of having many more classes as “solid” as ours to impart knowledge to.

Item: To Mr. Lucey, the sixth period mathematics class give the privilege of sending all rulers wandering about the corridors home to Room 8.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin, the right to continue to surprise or rather terrify his Latin classes with Wednesday tests.

Item: To Mrs. Bennett, the vague, glittering generalities of high school seniors.

Item: To Miss Casey, the desire that her sixth period French class have peace and quietness without the disturbing elements in the back of the room.

Item: To Miss Pfeiffer, we leave the exquisite pleasure of explaining love sonnets to a class as serious as ours.

Item: To Mr. Strout, Dr. Gannon and the members of the School Committee our heartiest thanks for their helpful suggestions on our social affairs.

Item: Lastly, to dear old P. H. S., our fondest memories.

In testimony whereof, we, the said class of 1925, have to this, our Last Will and Testament, contained on five sheets of paper, and to every sheet thereof, and to this last sheet thereof, we have subscribed our name and offered our seal this nineteenth day of June in the Year of Our Lord nineteen-hundred and twenty-five.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the heretofore mentioned Class of 1925, for their Last Will and Testament in presence of us, who at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

(Signed)

Witnesses:

Smith Brothers,
Ever Sharp Pencil,
I. M. Wittie.

Helen Ralston,
Bessie Levine.

To the Faculty

ALTHOUGH circumstances change and things become more modern, although there is, to a great extent, student government, there has as yet been found no substitute for teachers. Sometimes, when we are unprepared, we almost wish that there might be some mechanical device to take the place of the teacher. When we are reciting, how convenient it would be to have some sort of figure at the head of the class which would shake its head “yes” when we recited correctly or would shake its head “no,” the moment we said something incorrect, instead of allowing us to wander on indefinitely, displaying more and more of our ignorance at each word. (No doubt the teachers, also, would enjoy such a vacation) but then, although a modern playwright has invented for us, in his play *R. U. R.*, mechanical people without feelings; he does not recommend them as school teachers. Very frequently, though, especially around report card time, we are very likely to compare our teachers, mentally at least, if not aloud, to just such invented creatures.

Despite all this, the fact remains that we do have teachers. Indeed we are very much aware of their presence on certain inopportune occasions.

As freshmen, our view of the teachers was ever so much different from what it is now. When we came into the high school as freshmen, we looked upon the teachers as infallible beings. Mr. Brierly might tell us that William Jennings Bryan was a staunch Republican but, while we might shake our heads a little dubiously, nevertheless, we would murmur, “I am sure that this must be so for the teacher said so, didn’t he? What better proof than this?” As report cards first came out, a few rebellious spirits began to question the teacher’s judgment. How could he always be right when he put down an “F” on the report card of a person, who, in his own estimation, had done just as much work as his friend who received “B”? Such injustice! Poor, little, abused freshman!

When we became sophomores, the teacher’s importance was eclipsed in proportion as our sense of our own importance increased. At this point in our careers we

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When we became sophomores, the teacher’s importance was eclipsed in proportion as our sense of our own importance increased. At this point in our careers we

were even a little more doubtful of the teacher's value. Why could we not learn what was in our books without a teacher? It was about this time, too, that we began to be courageous enough to walk to the front of the room for a piece of paper when the class was in progress.

All combined we had, at the end of our sophomore year, acquired the art of expressing ourselves without fear in front of the teachers.

Soon junior year came around. Had there been evidences of pride before? Well, if so they were insignificant in comparison with the indications of our new independence. All during this year, much to our disgust, we kept hearing of how all the chastisement received was for our own good. Makeup session was for our own good. Appointments at two o'clock for talking were for our own good. Discipline session was for our own good. Really, though, teachers, it's dreadfully difficult to see how everything unpleasant may be for our own good.

When it came to the Junior "Prom", we realized that at least one member of the faculty was very important indeed. The success of the Junior "Prom" will always be linked with the name of our class advisor, Miss Morse.

Seniors—now we would give the teachers (and incidentally ourselves) a much needed rest. We would, of course, study a little, oh, yes, to be sure, and judging from some results, it was a very little. When we calmly state that the new government was founded under Andrew Jackson, or when we begin a sentence with "one" and end it with "they," we are sometimes inclined to believe that perhaps we still have something to learn. There is one very disturbing procedure in the senior year, the reminder of the fact that we should be a good example for the rest of the classes. During the last part of the year we have just begun to know our teachers a little, we have met them outside and have realized that they are human and do like fun.

Teachers—even if we have been annoying to you sometimes in the last four years, even if we have not made the most of our opportunities, will you not think of us as friends? When our class has graduated and others take its place, will you not keep a place for us? You may rest assured that the June class of 1925 does appreciate what you have done for us, what you have done in connection with regular class work, in our social events in our graduation and in building our characters, and all of us thank every blessed one of you.

Lois Young, '25.

Class Awards

IN the face of a task so stupendous as the one that confronts me now, even the bravest might quail.

In all the languages of men, which I have searched with unflagging zeal and un-failing faithfulness, I am unable to discover phrases equal to the noble subjects whom we are about to honor.

I do not suppose that in any institution in this country, or in any country on the civilized globe, there is assembled beneath a single dome more concentrated, sterling intellect; more rapier-like wit; more sweeping, compelling eloquence; a greater variety of talents and of erudition; more perfect pictures of strength and beauty, than I find assembled in my presence here today.

Harvard may have her Eliots and her Lowells; Yale, her Dwights and her Hadleys; Williams, her Hopkinses and her Garfields; Pittsfield, her Strouts, her Fords, and her Bennetts, yet we cannot find among them all more glistening grandeur of intellect, more sparkling, radiant sapience than shine in these expectant, eager faces—the faces of those who are about to receive their just rewards, for the matchless achievements of which history with unerring fingers keeps the enduring records.

Not exhaustive research amid the learning of all ages, nor the consumption of midnight gas alone can insure their acquisition. These honors have been won by jazz, invoked by midnight suppers, invited by motor rides, and acquired by feats of prowess in athletics.

Speaking from the depths of a heart too full for adequate utterance, I tender to you these keys which, I am confident, will in the years to come, open to you more splendid paths than man has yet traversed and broader and more inviting avenues than the feet of man have ever trod.

Shakespeare was once described as an intellectual ocean toward which all rivers ran and from which the isles and continents of thought still draw their dew and rain, but Shakespeare and Socrates and Aristotle and Euripides and King Solomon rolled into one would be unable to produce a finer array of talent than we find before us in this hour of supreme academic triumph.

"Kind hearts may be more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood," but I cannot escape the conclusion that these emblems, made perfect through the long years of undiverted reflection and thoughtful study are to be prized for all time far beyond the capacity of the poets and philosophers to conceive.

I congratulate you upon the attainment of this high distinction and can only hope that you will not be so unmindful of the eternal proprieties and of the 18th amendment as to attempt to use these keys upon your neighbor's cellar.

Norman Hollister, '25.

Class Statistics

Prettiest Girl	Muriel MacArthur
Handsomest Boy	Edward Stickles
Cutest Girl	Muriel MacArthur
Cutest Boy	Edward Stickles
Cleverest Girl	Agnes Wentworth
Cleverest Boy	Francis McMahon
Most Popular Girl	Helen Patten
Most Popular Boy	James Maloy
Model Student	Elizabeth Bradley
Best Natured Girl	Geraldine Linnehan
Best Natured Boy	James Maloy
Class Vamp	Marian Morrison
Class Shiek	Maynard Robbins
Class Orator	Isador Avnet
Class Pet	Agnes Wentworth

Class Nuisance.....	Ruth Palmer
Class Fashion Plate.....	Minnie Lightman
Class Poet.....	Elaine Carruthers
Class Bluff.....	Arvo Salo
Class Giggler.....	Helen Ralston
Most Carefree Girl.....	Geraldine Linnehan
Most Carefree Boy.....	James Maloy
Class Clown.....	Martin Reilly
Class Baby.....	Marian Morrison
Best Boy Athlete.....	Robert Heister
Wittiest Girl.....	Martha Burt
Wittiest Boy.....	Martin Reilly
Class Musician.....	Helen Patten
Best Girl Dancer.....	Helen Durant
Best Boy Dancer.....	Charles Owen
Most Typical of the Ideal P. H. S. Girl.....	Agnes Wentworth
Most Typical of the Ideal P. H. S. Boy.....	Howard Hulsman

Address to the Undergraduates

ADVICE at the proper time is very helpful. If heeded, it can save anyone much trouble. However, the advice, if good, must come from a source that is capable of pouring forth the important material.

We, the graduating class of the summer of 1925, believe that we are in a suitable position to bestow advice, owing to the fact that we have covered the difficult four year course which the Pittsfield High School offers, a course over which, I am sorry to say, some of us have received severe bumps and bruises. Thus, with our bitter experience, we certainly are in a position to give out advice to you, the undergraduates of Pittsfield High School, who have yet some distance to cover.

After this, if you have hope—as some of us have had for four or five and even six years—of becoming dignified Senior A's, beware upon entering this building, in the winter time. The icy snow which settles on the roof of this "new," thirty year old high school is accustomed to slide off and fall with terrific velocity on some student's head. For the sake of the snow, beware.

Now, that you are in this high school which extends such a cordial hand of welcome, do not misuse it.

The fire extinguishers, which are at either end of the corridor, are to be used for fire only. The two doctors, Bulger and Russell, have confirmed this statement. In fact, the noble Dr. Russell says, "The mere revolving, concisely speaking, of the cylindrical alloyed container would be the cause of a serious disturbance in this magnificent edifice of knowledge." You must all try to understand Dr. Russell as he makes himself very clear.

When obtaining slips for the library from Mrs. Bennett, be sure to get the correct date or she will quote her favorite phrase, "Eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not."

It would be a good move for you to inform Mr. Rudman that he is lessening our chances for a new high school. By breaking the expensive rulers on his desk, in an attempt to keep the disorderly students of Room 11 in order, he is raising the taxes in Pittsfield and thus the citizens forget our new high school, arguing over taxes.

Be sure to grasp the indirect discourse in Mr. Goodwin's Latin class or his ire will ascend from "terra firma" and you may drop "discourse."

We would advise you to hand in your homework for Mr. Lucey or he will inform you that by means of a geometric progression that your mark is reaching minus infinity.

Above all else, cooperate with one another so that you can disagree with Miss Pfeiffer or Miss Waite and yet not suffer for it.

Although we realize that it is utterly impossible for you to attain the heights which we, the class of 1925, so nobly have reached, yet we feel sure that you are capable and can carry on where we have left off. We, the class of 1925, extend to you our best wishes for success.

Isidor Annet.

Class Ode

Pittsfield High, farewell to thee,
Our hearts will hold thy memory.
For years we've spent in sweet content,
We praise thee now in melody.
We forever will sound thy name;
Our love for you to all proclaim.
May the praise we give
For ever live.
We leave thee with a parting sigh,
Farewell, dear Pittsfield High.

O, Pittsfield High, farewell to you,
We now have a race to win anew,
A race with life, with care and strife.
We've learned our lesson well from you.
If we ever laurels gain,
We will add them to your name.
Whate'er we do
We owe to you!
Now, alas, we say good bye.
Farewell, dear Pittsfield High.

Elaine Carruthers, '25



PRO-MERITO STUDENTS

Another Word or Two

It may be interesting to some to know a little more about the history of our high school. Its development in seventy-five years has been surprising. The Pittsfield High School was organized in 1850 by Jonathan Tenny. He was the first principal and one of the two teachers of the school. We have no data as to graduates until the year 1870, in which year were graduated two pupils, both girls. There followed after Mr. Tenney, thirteen principals, who are, in order: A. B. Whipple, S. J. Sawyer, W. H. Swift, J. E. Bradley, Albert Tolman; and in 1878, Earl Baldwin; in 1881, Edward Rice; in 1887, John Welch; in 1891, Charles Byran; in 1904, William D. Goodwin; in 1911, Harry Pratt; in 1917, Lorne B. Hulsman; and last of all, in 1921, our own beloved principal, Mr. Roy M. Strout. The graduates have increased from two to one hundred and thirty-five, and the faculty from two teachers to about thirty.

Elaine Carruthers.

Pittsfield High School

1850-1925

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Program

Concert from 7:45 to 8:15

High School Glee Club and Orchestra

March

"The Settlement of Poontoosuck"

Mary Elizabeth Bradley

"Pittsfield during Revolutionary Days"

Martha Bertha Schulze

"Early Education in Pittsfield"

William Howard Hulsman

Violin Solo

Helen Shirley Patten

"Pittsfield High School of Yesterday"

Bessie Ruth Klein

"The Modern Commercial Course"

Nettie Agnes Sackett

"Pittsfield High School of Today"

Agnes Wentworth

Music

Orchestra

Announcement of Pro-Merito Appointments and Awards

Dr. William J. Mercer, Chairman School Committee

Presentation of Diplomas

His Honor, Mayor Fred T. Francis

Class Song

Words by Elaine Agnes Carruthers

HONORS

Central

1st Honor: Mary Elizabeth Bradley

2nd Honor: Martha Bertha Schulze

Commercial

1st Honor: Bessie Ruth Klein

2nd Honor: Nettie Agnes Sackett

Pro Merito

Gorham Beckwith

Dorothy Newhall

Elizabeth Bradley

Mary O'Brien

*Clara Brooks

Helen Patten

Irene Decker

Frances Pisiewski

Arlene Estees

Mildred Rice

Bertha Fobes

Sara Robinson

Kenneth Goodrich

Maynard Robbins

*Deceased, May, 1925.

Camilla Harmon
Howard Hulsman
Winifred Kilbridge
Christine Kirchner
Myrtle Kirchner
Bessie Klein
Madeline Lundberg
Margaret Maloney
Asunta Marchisio
Marian Morrison

Mary Ryan
Nettie Sackett
Martha Schulze
Robert Shepardson
Mary Walsh
Agnes Wentworth
Dorothy Westcott
Willis Willbrant
Lois Young

SPECIAL AWARDS

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Esther Lois Young

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History

Arvo Salo

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for excellence in mathematics

Gorham C. Beckwith

Gold Medal Awards for accuracy and speed in Typewriting

Christine Louise Kirchner

Mildred Daniels Rice

Class Day Program

Orchestra,

Address to the Undergraduates

Duet

Class History

Class Will

Quartette—Francis MacMahon, Martin Reilly, Donald Ringie, Arvo Salo

To the Faculty

Class Statistic Rewards

Class Gift to the School

Singing of Class Song

Isidor Avnet
Elizabeth Bradley, John Vaccaro
Hazel Clark
Helen Ralston
Lois Young
Norman Hollister
James Maloy

Program at the Class Banquet, Tuesday, June 30

Toastmaster

Toast to the Girls

Toast to the Boys

Toast to the Athletes

Toast to Faculty

Our Superintendent

Our Principal

Our Advisor

Isidor Avnet
Howard Hulsman
Lois Young
Charles Owen
Martha Burt
Dr. John F. Gannon
Mr. Roy M. Strout
Miss Rachel W. Morse

Dancing

Senior Class Officers

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Advisor

James Maloy
Agnes Wentworth
Lois Young
Helen Patten
Miss Morse

The Latest Hits at P. H. S.

Oh! Katherina.....Chuck Owen
Titina.....Leone Pritchard
Paprika.....Norm Hollister
Too Tired.....Bec Trego
My Kid.....Ev Stewart
All Alone.....Anna Quirk
Because They All Love You.....Eddie Stickles
Stop Flirting.....Marian Morrison
Me and My Boy Friend.....Agnes and Arvo
My Best Gal.....Howard Hulsman
Oh! Mabel.....Bob Shepardson
Cheating On Me.....Catherine Volin
Yearning.....Deek Robbins
Eliza.....Elizabeth Bradley
No Wonder.....Helen Durant
Where's My Sweetie Hiding?.....Jim Maloy
Don't Bring Lulu.....Martin Reilly
Tea for Two.....Helen Patten
Oh Charlie My Boy.....Chuck Edwards
If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie.....Bob Heister
When You and I Were Seventeen.....Eddie and Esther
Will You Remember Me?.....P. H. S.
At the End of the Road.....Graduation

Margaret McCourt, '25.

Elaine C arruthers
He L en Durant
Jam E s Maloy
E V erette Stewart
Hel E n Patten
Ma R tin Reilly

Loi S Young
Agn E s Wentworth
Do N ald Ringie
Franc I s McMahon
Arv O Salo
Howar R d Hulsman
Eddie S tickles

Who's Who in the Class of 1925

ELLEN ANDREWS, "Lallen"

Brayton School, North Adams
How to Study Club
Etiquette Club
Announcement Committee

*"Ellen is a singer and in her song
Will make the world happy her whole life long."*

JOSEPH ANGELO, "Pep"

Plunkett Grammar School
Debating Club
Baseball 2, 4, 5
Football 2, 4

*"To everyone the best of friends
So may he be until life ends."*

HERBERT ARMSTRONG, "Herb"

Lanesboro Grammar School

*"Always is quiet—makes no noise
He is one of our cutest boys."*

ISIDOR AVNET, "Issy"

Crane Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Public Speaking Club
Class Orator
Toastmaster at Banquet

*"Always is interesting and never a bore
He is our class orator."*

PHILIP AYER, "Phil"

Crane Grammar School
Etiquette Club

*"No words of mine nor any pen
Can tell you all that Phil has been."*

FREDERICK BAGLEE, "Fred"

Bayone High School

*"Say anything against him if you can
Fred Baglee is a fine young man."*

GORHAM BECKWITH, "Beck"

Crane Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Orchestra
Electrical Club
German Club
Pro Merito

*"Always studious, knows his lessons well
He'll be famous we can tell."*

EVELYN BERTHA BIRD, "Birdie"

Lanesboro Grammar School

*"She is bright, she is sunny
She is sweet as golden honey."*

JOHN BONNINGTON, "Johnnie"

Rice Grammar School
Etiquette Club

*"Finest fellow under the sun
Is our classmate John Bonnington."*

M. ELIZABETH BRADLEY, "Buddy"

Southbridge Grammar School
Glee Club
Current Events Club
Vice-Pres. Room 16
Senior Hop Committee
Model Student
Pro Merito
Valedictorian

*"The cleverest girl this school did raise
Elizabeth deserves every bit of our praise."*

EMILY BREAU, "Em"

New York State Grammar School

*"Fair as the rose of spring
Blithe as the birds that sing."*

MARTHA BURT, "Martie"

Rice Grammar School
Handwork Club
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
Students Pen Club
Wittiest Girl
Toast to Faculty

*"I firmly maintain that in all of the city
Martha's the girl who is truly most witty."*

MARGARET RUTH CALLAHAN, "Cal"

New York State Grammar School
Pen Advertising Committee

*"Oh, Peg can sing and Peg can dance
And leave it to Peg to find romance."*

ELAINE CARRUTHERS, "Babe"

Mercer Grammar School
Public Speaking Club
Students Pen Club
Who's Who Committee—Class Poet

*"Oh, Elaine is our maiden illustrious
Who can rhyme in a way most industrious."*

EDWARD CHAPMAN, "Chappie"

Mercer Grammar School
Students Pen Club
Radio Club

*"O, may he be our friend
Long after the school end."*

HAZEL CLARK, "Aussi"

Pomeroy Grammar School
Current Events Club
Etiquette Club
Radio Club
Ring Committee
Junior Prom Committee
Announcement Committee

*"Hazel many hearts will rob
How could she help it with that bob."*

EDWARD CONDRON, "Pipe"

Crane Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Baseball '23
Radio Club

*"Ed Condron is a shiek
He gets new girls every week."*

CHARLES COYLE, "Charlie"

B. S. C. C. Grammar School
Public Speaking Clubs
Debating Club
Mgr. Baseball '25
Assembly Committee, Students Council

*"He's right there! You ought to hear him speak
And about his noise there's nothing weak."*

AILEEN COYNE, "Irish"

Mercer Grammar School
Etiquette Club
Radio Club
School Bank

*"Of all the girls we've ever seen
The jolliest is fair Aileen."*

DONALD CURTIS, "Don"

Mercer Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Track '24

*"Donald seems quiet; Donald seems shy;
But what beneath the surface does lie?"*

HELEN DURANT, "Len"

Rice Grammar School
Glee Club
Current Events Club
Students Pen Club

Etiquette Club

Radio Club

Students Council

Best Girl Dancer

*"Dainty and sweet as any flower
She grows fairer hour by hour."*

CHARLES EDWARDS, "Chuck"

Lanesboro Grammar School
Students Council
Track '25, '24, '23, Yale
C. M. T. C.

*"That he has won many races is true
And may he win life's long race, too."*

PAUL FERRY, "Cy"

Crane Grammar School
Debating Club

*"May luck be his good fairy
And may she not long tarry."*

BERTHA FOBES, "Bert"

Redfield Grammar School
Students Pen Club
Pro Merito

*"Shy, bashful, old fashioned and coy
She's covered with blushes at the sight of a boy."*

PETER GENOVESE, "Pete"

Plunkett Grammar School
Glee Club
Debating Club

*"Pete has Italy in his heart
But someday 'twill be cupid's dart."*

ANN GLEASON, "Nan"

Crane Grammar School
Handwork Club
Etiquette Club

*"Anna has a heart of gold
She is loved by young and old."*

RAYMOND HAYN, "Spike"

Redfield Grammar School
Radio Club
C. M. T. C.
Football '24

*"We have lots of nice boys, but I wish to say
One of the nicest is 'handsome Ray.'"*

HERBERT HEANEY, "Bert"

Crane Grammar School
Track '25, Yale

*"Bright as the sunlight's ray
He grows brighter day by day."*

ROBERT HEISTER, "Bob"
Crane Grammar School
Baseball '23, '24
Basketball '22, '23, '24
Football '23
Class Athlete
*"Bob was there with a basketball
We all know him. He's a friend to us all."*

NORMAN HOLLISTER, "Norm"
Dawes Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Prom and Hop Committees
Orchestra
Radio Club
Students Pen Club
Football '23, '24
Cheer Leader
*"As our school reporter he's done good work
We never knew Norm ever to shirk."*

HOWARD HULSMAN, "How"
Dawes Grammar School
Glee Club
Track 3, 4, 4, Yale
Class Colors Committee
Ideal P. H. S. Boy
Speaker at Graduation
*"Ah, here he is! I'll bet you never
Saw a fellow a bit more clever."*

SIDNEY KATZ, "Sid"
Bartlett Grammar School
Etiquette Club
*"May all the praise we give
To him forever live."*

MYRTLE KIE, "Myrl"
State Line Grammar School
*"Still waters run deep you know
In Myrtle Kie the years will show."*

WINIFRED KILLBRIDGE, "Win"
Rice Grammar School
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
Pro Merito
*"She studies hard and knows her lessons well
And she's always here before the bell."*

MONICA KILLEEN, "Red"
Pomeroy Grammar School
Handwork Club
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
*"She's an Irish colleen with red Irish hair
She hasn't a trouble and nary a care."*

WILLIAM KIRCHNER, "Bill"
Lanesboro Grammar School
Home Room Officer
*"May his horn of plenty fill
And may we never forget Bill."*

OLIVE KROGMAN, "Bunny"
Redfield Grammar School
Girls League Basketball Team
*"Among the girls she is a pearl
The perfect type of athletic girl."*

GEORGE LEBARNES, "Dud"
Mercer Grammar School
Radio Club
Commander C. M. T. C.
*"George LeBarnes is a soldier lad
He's never gloomy, never sad."*

ESTHER LEVIN, "Tess"
Business Dept. Students Pen
Glee Club
Class Prophecy
*"Just a cute little girl
With a smile and a curl."*

BESSIE LEVINE, "Betty"
Bartlett Grammar School
Debating Club
Public Speaking Club
Glee Club
Class Will
*"We can say no more, say no less
Than there's no one nicer than our Bess."*

MINNIE LIGHTMAN, "Min"
Mercer Grammar School
Handwork Club
Class Fashion Plate
*"As nice a girl as you'd care to see
And, to say it in French, she is 'très petite'."*

GERALDINE LINNEHAN, "Jerry"
Pomeroy Grammar School
Current Events Club
Glee Club
Best Natured Girl
Most Carefree Girl
*"Our winsome lass with blue Irish eyes
We'll part from Jerry with many sighs."*

MURIEL MACARTHUR, "Mac"
Bartlett Grammar School
Prettiest Girl
Cutest Girl
*"Muriel's sweet, pretty, demure
She'll win a heart and you can be sure."*

MARGARET MALONEY, "Peggy"
Crane Grammar School
Glee Club
Students Council
Hop Committee
Gift Committee
Pro Merito
*"Fair as a flower on summer stem
Bright as the sparkle of a gem."*

JAMES MALOY, "Jim"
Plunkett Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Current Events Club
Football '23, '24
Track '23, '24, '25
Class President
Most Popular Boy
Most Carefree Boy
Best Natured Boy
*"Our president and a popular boy
Is that 'best of fellows', James Maloy."*

ASUNTA MARCHISIO, "Susie"
Plunkett Grammar School
Handwork Club
*"A wonderful girl, that's all we can say
She always is happy, always is gay."*

PHYLLIS G. MARTIN, "Phyl"
Redfield Grammar School
Glee Club
Current Events Club
Students Pen Club
Home Room Officer
Gift Committee
*"All girls are nice but there is one
Who's nicer than all beneath the sun."*

MARGARET McCOURT, "Marge"
John Neilson's Academy, Paisley, Scotland
Glee Club
Students Pen Club
Handwork Club
*"Our Scotch lassie with smile full sunny;
Of all our girls she is most bonny."*

FRANCIS McMAHON, "Mack"
Mercer Grammar School
Prom Committee
Executive Committee
C. M. T. C.
Current Events Club
Public Speaking Club
Cleverest Boy
*"His aim in life is to make us smile
But he is serious once in awhile."*

MARIAN L. MORRISON, "Blondy"
Dawes Grammar School
Glee Club
Hop Committee
Pro Merito
Class Vamp
Class Baby
*"Little and very, very nice
I'll guarantee her a shower of rice."*

CHESTER MORTON, "Chet"
Pomeroy Grammar School
Radio Club
C. M. T. C.
*"He's not too good, not too bad
Chet is a really fine lad."*

DOROTHY NEWHALL, "Dot"
Dawes Grammar School
Glee Club
Home Room Officer
Current Events Club
Students Pen Club
Radio Club
Who's Who Committee
*"Like a maiden from a dream,
Bright as the sunlight's golden beam."*

CHARLES OWEN, "Chuck"
Dawes Grammar School
Radio Club
Glee Club
Students Pen Club
Home Room Officer
Who's Who Committee
Best Boy Dancer
Toast to Athletes
*"So tall that he can hardly bend,
To all of us a very good friend."*

RUTH PALMER, "Rudy"

Dalton Grammar School
Glee Club
Class Nuisance

*"Oh, Ruth may forget her childhood toys
But I'll bet she won't forget the boys."*

HELEN S. PATTEN, "Pal"

Redfield Grammar School
Glee Club
Orchestra
Home Room Officer
Students Council
Ring Committee
Prom and Hop Committees
Class Treasurer
Pro Merito
Most Popular Girl
Class Musician

*"Our class treasurer and shining star!
May all thru life her light shine far."*

LAWRENCE PIERCE, "Nig"

Dawes Grammar School
*"You never saw him with a hat
But he's a fine fellow. That's that!"*

NORMAN PLANK, "Norm"

Crane Grammar School
*"Here's a fellow on whom you can bank
We'll tell you who. It's Norman Plank."*

LEONE RUTH PRITCHARD, "Lee"

Lanesboro Grammar School
Handwork Club
Students Pen Club
School Bank
*"Her memory, like to a song,
Will stay with us our whole life long."*

ANNA QUIRK, "Ann"

Plunkett Grammar School
Students Pen Club
*"In her cheeks the whites and reds
Mingle like roses in lily-beds."*

HELEN RALSTON, "Nell"

Mercer Grammar School
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
Class Color Committee
Home Room Officer
Class Will
Class Giggler
*"Sweet and witty;
Petite and pretty."*

MARTIN REILLY, "Mart"

Mercer Grammar School
Home Room Officer
Executive Committee
Current Events Club
Who's Who Committee
Class Clown
Wittiest Boy

*"An Irish lad with an Irish way
His smiles have cheered us many a day."*

DONALD RINGIE, "Dutch"

Mercer Grammar School
Glee Club
C. M. T. C.
Track '25, Yale
Announcement Committee

*"Nothing at all that we can say
Can give him half his due today."*

MAYNARD ROBBINS, "Duke"

Dawes Grammar School
German Club
Public Speaking Club
Prom Committee
Mgr. Basketball Team
Pro Merito
Class Shiek

*"A popular boy and a Spanish 'shark'
In this world will leave his mark."*

BESSIE ROBINSON, "Bubbles"

Redfield Grammar School
Debating Club
How to Study Club
Girl's League

*"Eyes of sapphire, hair of gold
Fairest of fair the world is told."*

MARY RYAN, "May"

Mercer Grammar School
Current Events Club
Glee Club
Students Council
Prom Committee
Ring Committee
Pro Merito

*"Pretty as any winged fairy
Everybody loves our Mary."*

ARVO SALO, "Slim"

Mercer Grammar School
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
Chairman Prom Committee
Sec. Radio Club
Pres. German Club
Home Room Officer
Class Bluff

*"A brilliant fellow, a popular lad,
To part from him will make the girls sad."*

EDNA MAY SAYRES, "Eddie"

Hinsdale Grammar School
*"Very quiet, day dream eyes
That out rival summer skies."*

MARTHA SCHULZE, "Mart"

Washington Grammar School
Glee Club
*"She is salutariorian of our school
Among the girls a precious jewel."*

EVELYN E. SEYMOUR, "Ev"

Bartlett Grammar School
Williamstown High School
First Aid Club
Etiquette Club
Handwork Club
Glee Club
*"Bright as the rainbow's hue!
Evelyn, that pictures you."*

ROBERT SHEPARDSON, "Shep"

Mercer Grammar School
Track Mgr.
Current Events Club
C. M. T. C.
Pro Merito
*"Let me tell you he's not 'dumb'
The girls all think he's handsome."*

EVERETT STEWART, "Ev"

Mgr. Football '24
Executive Committee
Home Room Officer
Debating Club
*"A handsome lad with Apollo's curls
He leaves a school of heart broken girls."*

ROLLIN STEVENSON, "Steve"

Home Room Officer
Students Pen Club
*"A leader in our Students Pen
He'll be a leader among the men."*

EDWARD STICKLES, "Eddie"

Crane Grammar School
Radio Club
Home Room Officer
Prom Committee
Executive Committee
Football '24, '25
Basketball '22, '23, '24, '25
Baseball '24, '25
Handsome Boy
Cutest Boy

*"An all round athlete, lovable grin,
He has made friends wherever he's been."*

REBECCA TREGO, "Bec"

Lanesboro Grammar School
Handwork Club
Students Pen Club
*"She is a vamp everybody knows
You'll find her surrounded by good-looking
beaux."*

CATHERINE VOLIN, "Katharina"

Mercer Grammar School
Etiquette Club
*"Catherine's fortune is her hair
It frames a face that's truly fair."*

JOHN VACCARO, "Johnnie"

Mercer Grammar School
Orchestra
*"John is a lover of medody
He will a famous musician be."*

AGNES WENTWORTH

Redfield Grammar School
Glee Club
Public Speaking Club
Executive Committee
Home Room Officer
Vice-Pres. Senior Class
Sec. Students Council
Prom and Hop Committees
Traffic Chief
Editor of Students Pen
Speaker at Graduation
Pro Merito
Cleverest Girl
Class Pet
Ideal P. H. S. Girl
*"The editor of our Students Pen
The sweetest girl that's ever been."*

MARY A. WALSH, "Me"

Plunkett Grammar School
Handwork Club
First Aid Club
Debating Club
Public Speaking Club

"She is famed for her fluffy hair
And, as to lessons, she is there."

CELIA YANNONE, "Lia"

Plunkett Grammar School
Handwork Club

"Some people call her shy
But she'll be married by and by."

ESTHER LOIS YOUNG, "Lo"

Dawes Grammar School
Sec. Debating Club
Sec. Current Events Club
Sec. Junior Class
Sec. Senior Class
Glee Club
Scribe Public Speaking Club
Traffic Chief
Class History
Class Day Speaker
Pro Merito
Toast to Boys

"More precious than a sea born pearl
Is Lois Young, our loveliest girl."

Editors may come and Editors may go,
but The Pen goes on forever

In the fall Miss Marjorie White, '26 will occupy the editor's chair of the Student's Pen. Patrick Mahon from Commercial will be her assistant. Editors seem to be born into the White family, and from Marjorie's past work it is evident that she will be as successful as her sister, Elizabeth. Her ability to write has been shown in her contributions to the Christmas and Easter numbers. She has also been faithful in her present place on the School Notes. It was her capability, together with her scholastic standing, that has won for her this honor.

As we resign our official duties, we wish to thank the members of the Student's Pen Club and the students in general for their hearty support, and we bespeak for our successor the same cordial co-operation with which we have met during our term of service.

The Editor-in-Chief.

Mariposa

!Me llama usted una mariposa!

Bonita, pero de no verdadero valor,
Y, mientras me da su adoracion
Sus lágrimas me dicen su dolor.

!No llora, amigo mío, vivo mi vida!

¿Una vida alegre? Si, dice, pero corta.
¿Qué me importa si muero pronto?
Ahora, estoy aqui, y contento.

!Vivo para cantar y amar!

Mi vida es completa con placeres!
Ah, lloro también, lo que dice usted es verdad.
¿Yo alegre? no, sin sus aficiones.

Elaine Agnes Carruthers.

POETRY

Fleeting Pleasures

Our joys cannot remain!
Like to the drops of rain
What fall upon the flowers
Are pleasures! Just an hour
And they are gone!
We wake each morn
To sing new songs
And laugh and blithely dance;
But ere the night
Do sorrows come, and Pleasure's stay
Is fleeting as a maid's romance.

Monica Killeen.

Beauty

A dying sun, golden-red,
A crystal lake by river fed,
The sun sinks lower and against the sky
Blue outlines of the mountains lie;
Faint stars come out, and soon
Above the hills a crescent silver moon.
Beauty is queen! In the darkening night
I give God thanks that mine is the right to live!

Maynard Robbins, '25.

A Gift

Say not you are too old to mingle in
The fancies and caprices of my youth,
Nor say your time for smiles and love has been,
Or that your dreams have given way to truth.
Say not I am too young to understand
That youthful hopes are bubbles fools do make,
Nor say my love for you is ever fanned
By fair imagination. Never break
The band that does encompass yet our love;
For true love is a flame that does transcend
All obstacles. It rises far above
The half-true, seeming wisdom of dull men.
Love gives to age, forgotten youth a-new;
So shall my love give happiness to you.

Elaine Carruthers.

Shared Secrets

When brother Bobby strays away
And I am sent to guide him home,
Thru woods, o'er rocks, I have to stray,
By brooks and grassy hills, I roam.

But in despair at last I turn,
Forgetful of my freckled charge,
Enticed by a desire to learn
If my loved haunt seems just as large.

Down secret paths I lightly run;
If I could all this beauty share!
But something glistens in the sun—
It's brother Bobby's red gold hair!

Martha Burt, '25.

Reflection

When I look down from any lofty height,
And see the houses clustered at my feet,
And marvel at the beauty of the sight
That lies below, my eager eye to greet;

When I perceive the hurrying throng, and think
Of all the different duties of each man,
The troubles, joys, and triumphs that do link
Themselves in giving to each life a plan;

Then do I realize what a wondrous place
This mighty world of ours is, and how great
The Power which so directs our earthbound pace
That we are led in paths secure and straight.

For though at times we may not meet the test,
His Hand will guide us, if we do our best.

Howard Hulsman, '25

* * * *

Miss Morse: "Why so sad?"

Fat Maloy: "Didn't you hear I lost my girl last week?"

Miss Morse: "How awfully careless of you."

* * * *

B. Shepardson: "Where were you last night?"

D. Ringie: "My girl and I went couéing."

B. Shepardson: "Big time, I suppose?"

D. Ringie: "Fair. She did the cooing and I did the paying."

* * * *

Officer: "Here, you, you've been speeding!"

Ev. Stewart: "Honest, officer, I've been sitting right here in the front seat of this auto all afternoon!"

COMMERCIAL**In Memory of Clara Brooks**

1907-1925

So young and so frail! Yet she holds in her hands
The secret the ages have never revealed,
Her eyes are beholding most wonderful lands
Tho their glories from our eyes still are concealed.
So young—yet so wise! For life's meaning is clear,
The veil o'er the future no longer can hide
The joys that await the souls which draw near
That Presence celestial, and ever abide.

Frances Drinon, Commercial, '26.

"Away"

By James Whitcomb Riley

I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead—she is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of her hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land;
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there;
And you—O you, who so wildly yearn,
For the old time step and the glad return;
Think of her faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;
Think of her still as the same, I say;
She is not dead—she is just away.

Clara D. Brooks, a member of the graduating class at Commercial, died Saturday morning while undergoing an operation for appendicitis at Fairview hospital in Great Barrington. Miss Brooks was fourth in a class of 44 and a member of the pro-merito society. Her death comes as a decided shock to her classmates, her schoolmates and her teachers. One of them pays her this tribute: "A young lady of culture and a scholar of the highest type, she will be sincerely mourned by those she left behind to take her place with kindred spirits." Miss Brooks was a member of the committee in charge of the senior hop held recently. Services were attended this morning at 11 at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Benton, in Monterey. Officers of the classes and of the home room attended, together with Messrs Strout and Ford.

MARRIAGE INTENTIONS

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S DEATH REVEALS THAT SHE WED IN OCTOBER

As "Miss Clara D. Brooks" she was known to all her associates at the high school where, in commercial, she was a member of the pro-merito society, being fourth in a class of 44, and a great favorite with all who knew her there.

With her death it was revealed that she was Mrs. Clara D. Marcel, wife of William Marcel, to whom she was married last October. It had been the romantic purpose of the young woman to complete the course without a change in the record as to her name and this plan without doubt would have been executed had not the untimely end of her life intervened.

This is the second case of this kind within memory, the other being of a girl who attended the Tucker school.

Funeral services for Mr. Marcel were attended yesterday morning at 11 o'clock at the home of an aunt, Mrs. Marietta Benton, in Monterey and burial was in that town. Numerous persons from this city, including Principal Roy M. Strout, principal of the Central high school and John A. Ford, principal of Commercial, attended. The death of Mrs. Marcel had followed an operation at Fairview hospital in Great Barrington.

Class History, 21-25

ON a bright and peaceful morning in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-one, a group of happy but frightened little freshmen entered the hallway of Pittsfield High School.

Part of this class was sent to room 21 where it enjoyed the conveniences of good desks and chairs. The other part of the class was assigned to the auditorium where it enjoyed the inconvenience of chairs without desks. Perhaps a few were scattered in one or two other rooms.

Gradually the classes became accustomed to the new ways of doing things, especially those students who were in the auditorium.

When our second semester began, we were sent over to Commercial where school life became a reality to us, but our group was somewhat lessened as a number remained at Central High.

In June, 1922 Room 10 gave Room 9 a party. Games and dancing were enjoyed and refreshments were served.

In September, 1922 we returned as sophomores, a somewhat smaller class, but with as great a thirst for knowledge as before.

Under Mr. Wrought's advice we undertook the great task of organizing. After much consideration we elected Olaf Anderson, President; Francis Heidel, Vice-President; Ruth Dunham, Secretary; and Hazel Twinning, Treasurer. She resigned and was succeeded by Nettie Sackett. Miss Baker was our Class Adviser.

In September, 1923, we again returned to school as juniors. Many of our number had left, yet we were a very large class.

This year at our class meeting Olaf Anderson was elected President for the second time; Camilla Harmon, Vice-president; Bessie Klein, Secretary, Mildred Rice, Treasurer; and the late Miss Farrell, our class adviser.

Then came the great task of selecting the Committee for our Junior Prom. Because of unsatisfactory conditions at the last Senior Hop, Mr. Strout restricted the school dances to the students only. We, however, under the restrictions, were nevertheless successful, due to the untiring efforts of the Committee.

In September, 1924 we entered as dignified seniors, the last year of our High School Career. This year at our class meeting Olaf Anderson for the third time was elected President; Francis Kennedy, Vice-president; Sara Robinson, Secretary; our very efficient Mildred Rice, Treasurer; and Miss Downes, our Class Adviser.

We immediately selected our class rings and showed good taste and judgment in so doing.

On October, 1924, our teacher, Miss Mary P. Bligh, left us to take a position in Boston. As a farewell present the students and teachers gave her a grey suede pocket-book.

On February 10, 1925, our beloved teacher, Miss Marion Farrell, died. The students and teachers attended her funeral in a body.

Then came the great problem of a Hop or a play, but after careful consideration we decided on a Hop. Due to our faithful Committee this was a big success.

On May 30, our friend and classmate, Clara Brooks, passed away. The officers of the class and all others who could go attended her funeral at Monterey.

Graduation will be held June 24 and our Banquet will be held at the Maplewood, June 29.

Our days spent at Commercial have been happy ones and we all regret leaving. No doubt we have been a trial to some of the teachers, especially Miss Downes, who had to contend with us for three periods a day. However, we wish them better luck with their future classes, and we wish every member of the class the best of success and luck in the future.

*Irene Decker,
Arlene Estes,
Susie Messina.*

Class Prophecy

IT was the month of May in 1935 when I started on my annual aeroplane tour of the world. I traveled east from New York the first day out, but my course was altered by a terrific windstorm in the upper airs. For three days I drifted aimlessly until the storm abated. As the air grew clear, I discerned a long, monotonous stretch of sandy wastes below. I soared along for a few hours until I saw, far below me, an oasis and a small tent. Upon landing, I made my way to the tent and entered. Imagine my surprise when I found myself, face to face, with my High School classmate, Marion Bruce, who was now practicing the art of crystal-gazing. My skepticism of her powers inspired her to give an illustration. Being interested only in my high school classmates, Marion told me to make myself comfortable and she would try to reveal to me the whereabouts of as many of the classmates as her time permitted. Marion's time, this particular day, was limited as she had a very important engagement—her "sheik" was to call on her and they were going "camel walking."

She sat on the floor, the crystal before her, and made several mystic motions. And lo! A faint shadow appeared within the globe, and finally grew, in proportion and clearness, to be none other than Helen Codey, who had won the honor of being known as "The Most Famous Irish Comedian," and was taking the leading part in the role of "That Red-Headed Gal of Mine," in the largest opera house in West Pittsfield.

My interest was so intense that I allowed my eyes to escape nothing. Standing on the beautiful stage of the Metropolitan Opera House was the figure of our heavy-weight, Mildred Brundage, who was starting her career as successor to Enrico Caruso.

The familiar form of Mary Albert was now beheld in the crystal. She was seated at her desk in her office on East Street in Pittsfield drawing up a contract to sell property to Irene Decker. You see, Mary is a real estate broker and Irene is to conduct, on the outskirts of Pittsfield, a variety store selling anything from flea powder to balloon juice. Irene acquired her experience while in the employ of the W. T. Grant Co. While the two were patiently waiting for the lawyer to arrive, the office door opened. To my surprise, who should enter but Miss Mildred Condon, the "famous" lawyer from Berkshire, Lanesboro.

Standing near a beautiful country mansion was our charming Marguerite Butler, who was known the world over as "Miss Hinsdale."

I now discerned the friendly face of Olaf Anderson, seated in a comfortable office chair, reading over news items. Olaf was the editor of a well-established newspaper in Paris. His paper was entitled "The Wise Owl."

Mr. Anderson was having considerable trouble at this time. Mary Broderick, the most prominent partner of "La Shoppé Paris," an exclusive gown shop, was suing Mr. Anderson for libel.

The crystal then revealed the familiar countenance of Reginald Bailey. To my astonishment, Reginald was now a "first-class" cartoonist. He was perfecting his work which was published daily in all the well-known papers. It was published in the large town of Hancock. His cartoon was entitled, "While the Cat's Away, the Mice Will Play in State Line."

Next there appeared a door to a studio. On this door was inscribed in gold, "Music Hath Charms," and below, to my wonderment, was the name of one of my classmates, Sonnye Carr, who had made a wonderful success as a violinist.

The scene was then changed to a beautiful structure situated near Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. This proved to be the The Cooper Physical Training School for Girls. Beatrice Cooper, the well-adapted supervisor, here instructed thousands of girls in her well-drawn course known as "The Cooper Daily Dozen."

To my disappointment, a dark-haired, attractive gentleman entered. His face was very familiar, and I then recalled that I had seen him in the movies. Marion hesitated, then introduced him to me as "her flame," Mr. Leland Jones. Marion was to be his tenth victim.

Marion was very sorry to leave, but glad that we had met. I thanked her for the information she gave me, and we then parted.

Not knowing anything much about the desert, I decided to return to New York City and stay there for a while.

It was the early part of June, 1935, when I arrived in New York. I immediately engaged a taxi-cab driver to take me to the Ritz-Carlton, so that I could make reservations for my stay while in New York City.

I was passing through the lobby of the hotel, when my arm brushed the sleeve of a somewhat familiar figure. I turned about to say, "I beg your pardon," when I beheld the countenance of none other than Francis Kennedy. Artis Diefendorf, whom at first I did not see, as Francis hid him from view, was with him. Of course, we were soon busily engaged in conversation. They informed me that they were acting at the Orpheum that night. I was delighted, and assured them that I would be among the audience. Neither was married as each thought he was having too much fun, and did not want to be bothered with any one. From this conversation I concluded that they still retained the reputation of "heart-breakers."

That night I went to see their act, entitled "Can You Tame Wild Women?" There was one part in the play where a number of Hawaiian maidens were grouped about Francis and Artis, who were singing, "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me." Their singing thrilled me and their dancing was marvelous.

The next day, while driving down Broadway, I was accosted by a policeman, who with hand uplifted commanded me, in the name of the law, to stop as I was under arrest for speeding. Scarcely were these words uttered when I recognized

Leland Jones, my classmate and friend in dear old P. H. S. I was so surprised that I could hardly speak. Since he was my friend, he withdrew the charge.

After leaving Jones I again resumed my speed, but this time I was hailed into court. Luck was with me for the judge was my classmate, Lucy Eaheart. You see, women no longer continued to be the "silent partner" of a household, and it was they, who now held sway in Our America.

From her Honor, Judge Eaheart, I learned that "Ken" Goodrich was the most influential broker of Wall Street, the money market of the world. A broker, did I say? Yes, at one time *he was broke*, but by shrewd investing in stocks, he had acquired a vast sum of money, and could retire at any time and live on his income. I was not surprised to hear this as "Ken" was one of the most business-like boys in our class.

One day during my stay in New York, I had attended St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was here, in this cathedral, that I heard the clear, oratorical voice of Rev. Joseph Hickey. I was entranced with his speaking. I shall never forget this day when he committed a blunder. It was at this time that a collection was being taken up for a certain fund. No one seemed willing to give anything except an undertaker, who was the first to contribute. The clergyman became a little excited and said to the undertaker, "God bless you. May your business prosper." This caused an uproar of laughter.

As a result of having a toothache, I stopped into the nearest dentist's office. The name inscribed on the door was Kirchner & Kirchner. I was seated in the office when this sign caught my eye. "Teeth extracted while you wait." I could hardly suppress a grin. I was not mistaken: for I saw Chris's head peering through the office door. "Next, please," she said. Myrtle was there, too. They informed me that they were to discontinue dentistry as soon as the Kirchner typewriter was perfected.

In the paper I read that Camilla Harmon and Arlene Estes, both school teachers in Peru, Massachusetts, were visiting the Capitol that they might confer with the president in regard to putting a ban against "rolled stockings" and "girls' smoking." I also learned that Edith Kay was Bank President in Coltsville. Edith was certainly traveling at a rapid pace. She had worked herself up from Bank Trustee of Commercial High to the president of a bank.

Before leaving New York, I was determined to attend a concert at Carnegie Hall, and to Carnegie Hall I went. I shall never forget the sudden hush in the audience when Miss Betty Klein's name was announced. There was absolute silence. Betty was a world famous pianist, and was successor to Paderewski.

The next day I took the boat from New York to Albany. First of all I decided to go shopping. I had just come out of one of the stores when I collided with someone. I looked around, and to my surprise, I faced Madeline Lundberg. She had her arms full of bundles and was so excited that she dropped all of them. Madeline said that she had ridden down with her husband in their Ford. They had so many "break-downs" that she decided that walking would be a quicker means to reach home.

"Who is your husband?" I inquired.

"Oh!" said Madeline shyly, "he is Leo O'Neil."

"I think I will hurry along now," said Madeline, "because I want to be in time for supper."

I proceeded and stopped at a newstand, where I bought a paper. What do you suppose was on the first page in large, red letters? "Helen McMahon, from Lanesboro, the First Girl to Swim across the Housatonic River." I was so engrossed in the paper that I was knocked down by an automobile while crossing the street and was taken to the hospital. When I opened my eyes, I saw that the nurse standing near me was Susie Messina. I soon recovered from the slight shock and went home the same day.

The new Commercial High School, Susie informed me, was completed and our much-beloved Mr. John A. Ford was the principal. I also learned that Frances Pisiewski was the well adapted assistant.

Because of the annoyance which was caused formerly by the multigraph, the new high school was equipped with a special room for this purpose with the expert Olive MacArthur in charge.

One day while I was riding along the road, I noticed a very familiar picture beside a washing machine on a billboard. On it was written, "The little Lady who has taken the drudge out of washing by her wonderful invention." I looked again, and to my surprise it was the very picture of little Mary O'Brien, the former manager of the Pittsfield Laundry.

I was so tired from the ride that I decided to stay home that night and "listen in." I tuned in to station R I C E. This is what I heard. "Mildred Rice broadcasting every night exercises on how to reduce." Then memories came back to me of my dear, old schooldays, when Mildred, who was our class treasurer, used to write on the boards, "It is wonderful how prompt we are in paying our dues." The next station broadcasted vocal selections and I heard Helen V. Ring's clear, beautiful voice (accompanied by her family) singing "Tomorrow."

I thought I would shorten my visit in Albany and leave for Pittsfield the following day. I rode around the outskirts of Albany for a while until I came to a small country store, the owner of which was Pauline Potter. She sold everything from moth balls to soft drinks. I asked her about our classmates, and the only one that she had heard about was "Peg" Odett who was a famous "model" on Fifth Avenue. As I had just time enough left to catch my train, Pauline and I parted.

Upon arriving at Pittsfield, I decided to go to a show. The name "Sedwil" attracted my attention, and I bought my ticket for an orchestra seat and entered the theater. "Sally and Sherman" was the next on the program. This announcement was given by a well-built stage manager, our former classmate, Willis Willbrant.

To my great surprise, joy, and bewilderment, "Sally" Robinson and "Shrimp" Traver were the leading characters. The play could be considered a success in every particular.

At the end of the play, I met Sally just as she was about to leave the theater. I was delighted to know that she still remembered me. Sally had been in the Ziegfeld Follies in New York for two years but did not care enough about this position to stay. She had heard of the "Sedwil" players and theater in Pittsfield and decided to try them out. To her astonishment she found the proprietors to be our classmates, John Sedgwick and Willis Willbrant.

Sherman Traver is a wonderful actor. He started his career with the "Sedwil" players, and is trying to surpass Rudolph Valentino as "The Sheik."

Dorothy Westcott and Phalice Sears are doing a thriving beauty parlor business I was told by Sally. She had often seen them in the audience talking over the old times at school.

Of course, Sally had traveled a great deal in her work, in fact, this is her first appearance on the stage since her tour of the world. During her travels, wonder of wonders, she met Nettie Sackett and Hildegard White at a fortune teller's camp. They were having their fortunes told. Miss Sackett, who always carried out her plans, was a teacher and was making a world tour to perfect her knowledge of geography. Miss White, a famous author of the twentieth century, was taking the world tour with Miss Sackett to find some new thrills for her latest novels.

While Sally was at the camp, seeing our friends, Nettie and Hildegard having their fortunes told, she followed their example and had hers told.

"Why, Sally, do you believe in the fortune tellers?" I asked, as she began to tell me what was told her.

"Well, I didn't at first, but I find that when I was told that Eleanor Weckman was conducting a home for noisy children, trying to make them as quiet as she was in our schooldays, I must confess that I have some faith in them."

Just at this interesting moment Sally's old chum, Pearl Zalutsky, came around the corner of the street in a huge limousine. Pearl had secured a position in a lawyer's office, but this was only temporary, because she was married to her employer shortly afterwards. She had come to take Sally home. She invited me to go for a short ride with them before evening. I accepted the invitation, and, after riding around a few hours, we all went to Sally's apartment.

Since you have heard all about a "model" class, will you not permit me to say "Adieu?"

Lucy Eaheart,
Frances Pisiewski,
Sara Robinson,
Pearl Zalutsky,
Committee.

Farewell Address and Will to the Senior B's

WE, the class of June, 1925, are leaving Commercial High School. You are to take our place. To you, the succeeding class, we feel, some advice should be given and gifts bestowed.

We leave you, the Senior B's, the privilege of sending your grandchildren, or perhaps it will be your great-grandchildren, to the beautiful new high school, if it is finished by that time.

Since you are to take our place we hope that you will keep up the good standing of the High School and be as agreeable to the incoming classes as we have been.

We leave to Arthur Feil the full privilege of following the example of our dear boys in going up to see the new sophomore girls.

We are placing in your care the lunch counter and the bank. We hope that you will not cause Mrs. Volin to lost patience any more than we did.

We are very sorry that we can not leave you the privilege of having Mrs. McCubbin as home room teacher, but we hope the new teacher in Room 8 will give you as good advice as Mrs. McCubbin gave us.

We give you the privilege of writing 150 words a minute in shorthand which we did not do.

We hope that the bank will have as many posters and crossword puzzles made for it as Edith Kay of our class, made.

We leave you the privilege of voting Arthur Feil as the most popular boy, best looking boy, etc.

We leave Mary Ray the full privilege of speaking at all assemblies now that Francis Kennedy is graduating.

Mildred Rice leaves her heartfelt sympathy to your class treasurer, Ida Lussier, and hopes she will be successful in collecting the class tax when it is due. Mildred was always able to do this just as well as we are able to get a vacation whenever we want one.

We leave you the pleasure of having Miss Downs for three periods in one day, as we did.

We wish to warn you now, before Miss Downs has the opportunity, that the High School of Commerce is not the Day Nursery. The Day Nursery is on Francis Avenue and your mother must not make the mistake of thinking the one is the other.

We also leave a small dictionary to each and every student of your class to use, and also a large one which should be given more attention in the future.

We last of all wish your class the best of success. We hope that you will follow the good example which we set for you and that you will all graduate with honors as our class, the best ever, is now doing. We are sure that you will cherish our good advice and the privileges given you.

In the first year we made our friends,
In the second year our career began,
In the third year we made our standing high,
In the fourth year we say "Good Bye."
With the best of wishes, we are

THE SENIOR CLASS OF JUNE, 1925

Mary Broderick,
Helen Ring,
Reginald Bailey,
Helen McMahon.

* * * *

Reilly: "Did you call me a blockhead?"

McMahon: "No, I didn't make it so strong."

Reilly: "Well, what did you say?"

McMahon: "I said to put on your hat, here comes a woodpecker."

Last Will and Testament of the June Class of 1925

WE, the June Class of 1925, of the High School of Commerce of Pittsfield, in the Berkshire County and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being in sound mind, at times, do make and declare this to be our last Will and Testament.

First: To Mr. Ford, we leave the task of finding such brilliant and expert multigraphers as was possessed by this class.

Second: To our successors, we leave our staff of teachers and the remains of old Commercial of which we were proud, hoping that they will gain as much knowledge as this class of '25.

Third: To Miss Downs, Professor of English and our Class Advisor, we leave the right to take out her record book and use the expression "You receive what you deserve," and then proceed to mark down a "3."

Fourth: To the Senior B's, we leave the task of serving ham and salmon sandwiches at the lunch counter.

Fifth: To Mrs. McCubbin, we leave the right to say "The last bell has rung, children," and then tell the class the story about children.

Sixth: To the juniors, we leave the right to extend an invitation and send a complimentary ticket to the seniors for their Prom.

Seventh: To Miss McGill, we leave the exclusive right to make bankers out of our successors. (Room 8 was 100% for an entire semester.)

Eighth: To Miss Mangan, the right to train and make successful workers from her office practice and typing classes.

Ninth: To Miss Roy, the privilege of recording names for lessons to be made up in her typewriting classes.

Tenth: To Miss McSweeney, the privilege of awarding as many typing medals as she has had the pleasure of awarding to our class.

Eleventh: To Miss O'Bryan, the exclusive right of telling the sixth period classes to make sure they have a cover for the machine before beginning to type.

Twelfth: To Miss Baker, the privilege of writing the word "Silence" on her board in reference to her sophomore class.

Thirteenth: To Mr. Murray, the exclusive right of being the only man teacher and of becoming some day a Professor of English.

Fourteenth: To the sophomores, we bequeath the right to be as noisy a class as we have been. We were known as the noisiest but the best class that ever left Commercial.

On the eighth day of June, A. D. 1925 the June Class of 1925 of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, sign the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last Will and Testament; placing our signature to this Will on this eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

JUNE CLASS—1925,

Olaf Anderson,
Francis Kennedy,
Mary Albert.

Class Statistics June 1925

Prettiest Girl.....	Hildegard White
Handsomest Boy.....	Francis Kennedy
Cutest Girl.....	Sara Robinson
Cutest Boy.....	Leo O'Neil
Cleverest Girl.....	Nettie Sackett
Cleverest Boy.....	Sherman Traver
Most Studious Girl.....	Camilla Harmon
Most Studious Boy.....	Kenneth Goodrich
Class Chatterbox.....	Mildred Condron
Brightest Girl.....	Bessie Klein
Brightest Boy.....	Willis Willbrant
Class Giggler.....	Frances Pisiewski
Wittiest Girl.....	Helen Codey
Wittiest Boy.....	Artis Diefendorf
Most Popular Girl.....	Nettie Sackett
Most Popular Boy.....	Olaf Anderson
Best Girl Dancer.....	Beatrice Cooper
Best Boy Dancer.....	Reginald Bailey
Class Poet.....	Mildred Rice
Prettiest Eyes.....	Pearl Zalutsky
Quietest Girl.....	Eleanor Weckman
Quietest Boy.....	Kenneth Goodrich
Best Dressed Girl.....	Nettie Sackett
Best Dressed Boy.....	Francis Kennedy
Prettiest Hair.....	Marguerite Butler
Prettiest Bob.....	Nettie Sackett
Class Mother.....	Susie Messina
Class Father.....	Leland Jones
Class Children.....	Leo O'Neil
	Frances Pisiewski
Model Students.....	Kenneth Goodrich
	Madeline Lundberg
Class Musician.....	Marguerite Odett
Tallest Girl.....	Arlene Estes
Tallest Boy.....	Francis Kennedy
Heaviest Girl.....	Mildred Brundage
Heaviest Boy.....	Willis Willbrant
Lightest Girl.....	Phallice Sears
Lightest Boy.....	Sherman Traver
Class Prima Donna.....	Mildred Brundage
Best Boy Singer.....	Francis Kennedy
Best Girl Athlete.....	Mildred Rice
Boy Athletes.....	Olaf Anderson
	Joseph Hickey
Shortest Girl.....	Bessie Klein

Shortest Boy.....	Artis Diefendorf
Most Carefree Girl.....	Frances Pisiewski
Most Carefree Boy.....	Artis Diefendorf
Best Complexion.....	Hildegard White
Best Natured Girl.....	Mary Broderick
Best Natured Boy.....	John Sedgwick
Most Business Like Girl.....	Mildred Rice
Most Business Like Boy.....	Olaf Anderson
Class Pet.....	Christine Kirchner
Class Orator.....	Joseph Hickey
Class Artist.....	Beatrice Cooper

*Madeline Lundberg,
Helen Codey,
Bessie Klein,
Sherman Traver.*

Mary B roderick
Sara R obison
Mildred R I ce
Kenneth G oodrich
Joseph H ickey
Sherman T raver

Nettie S ackett
Arlene E stes
Francis Ken N edy
Myrtle K I rchner
"Marg" O dett
Helen R ing

Olaf A nderson
Mary O ' Brien
Phallice S ears

Frances P I siewski
Lela N d Jones

Mildred C ondron
Leo O 'Neil
Olive M acArthur
Susie M essina
Lucy E ahart
Mildred B R undage
Sadie C arr
Christine K I rchner
Mary A lbert
Madelyn L undberg

Helen McMahon, '25, Commercial.

Typewriting Records Made by Seniors

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January 9th, 1925.

The Advertising Regulation of the Chamber of Commerce recognizes as legitimate mediums, publications issued at least quarterly.

The Students' Pen, published by the Pittsfield High School every month, is therefore entitled to the sanction of the Chamber of Commerce and approval of this publication is granted.

S. CHESTER LYON,
Secretary.

Who's Who at Commercial

KENNETH GOODRICH

We're glad to claim him as a friend,
 This fellow whom we know as "Ken,"
 So business-like, why ask for more?
 He'll soon be manager of "The Wallace Store."

HILDEGARDE WHITE

A girl of light complexion,
 A face that one likes to see,
 Her manners are true to perfection,—
 And she's happy; although she's care-free.

EDITH KAY

Bank! Bank today!
 That's the war cry of Edith Kay,
 She's some business girl I'll say,
 And she's helped our Bank in every way.

MILDRED BRUNDAGE

Pleasant and mischievous,
 She's proven to be,
 But her ways are sweet,
 And also carefree.

FRANCIS KENNEDY

So tall and stately, stature fine!
 A smile bedecks his face all times,
 Willing, winsome, when he comes,
 He gives us all, good, clean, fun.

MARION BRUCE

A pretty bob, of fine brown hair,
 Crowns the head of a girl so fair,
 She's always met with the same sweet smile,
 And we know her life will be one worth while.

PEARL ZALUTSKY

Let anyone be in trouble,
 About a lesson for today,
 And Pearl is always handy,
 To do her best in every way.

SUSIE MESSINA

"List, to all; but few thy speech lend,"
 This it seems, is the motto of our friend,
 For Susie's not talkative, she's bashful and shy,
 But all in all—she profits thereby.

MARGUERITE ODETT

Peg Odett has pretty hair,
 Her music echoes through the air,
 "May her future life be a huge success,
 Wishes every high school lad and lass.

MILDRED CONDRON

Did you ever go to a lecture?
 Well, it can't be compared with "Mil,"
 She talks from the time she leaves Berkshire,
 'Till she goes back there over the hill.

CHRISTINE KIRCHNER

You'll find her if you wander,
 Among the famous few,
 For Christine's sure to reach
 The heights of success, too.

ELEANOR WECKMAN

Quiet, demure and sweet,
 Just the kind of a girl to meet,
 A good classmate and friend, and never a bore,
 These are the qualities of our Eleanor.

FRANCES PISIEWSKI

To our classmate called "Fran,"
 A title of honor we hand,
 She's our class baby, and then
 The class Giggler goes to this friend.

SALLY ROBINSON

We have a real Sally in our class,
 She's liked by one and all
 She's short, and smart, and a cute little lass,
 We hope she says "Yes" in response to her Call.

BEATRICE COOPER

She's popular and full of fun,
 She can jump and she can run,
 With the boys she's never shy,
 She's liked by all, I wonder why?

OLAF ANDERSON

Our President Andy is "Pop"ular too,
 And troubles and sorrows about him are few,
 Here is the wish of each girl and boy,
 "Oceans of Happiness, white-capped with joy."

SHERMAN TRAVER

The cleverest one in our class,
Sherman is his name—
And as a future "Stenog"
He is sure to win his fame.

IRENE DECKER

Irene Decker, with hair so long,
And always ready with a song,
Is forever ready to do her part
In any work right from the start.

JOSEPH HICKEY

He's a jolly good fellow from Hinsdale,
And a very good athlete too,
He won a letter for football
And one for track team too.

MYRTLE KIRCHNER

Myrtle's eyes are a pretty brown
And when in trouble she never frowns,
Always goes about in a carefree way,
Doing the best for everyone each day.

MARY ALBERT

Mary is a quiet girl
But don't wonder much at that,
For she's in the business swirl,
And is a success at that.

HELEN CODY

Here's to Helen so tall and fair
Her humor and laugh so very rare,
'Tis said that being the wittiest lass,
Makes her liked by all our class.

LELAND JONES

Studious? Nay, not so,
Plods along as he goes,
Popular? In the multigraph room
And we wish success for him soon.

MARGUERITE BUTLER

Here is to Marguerite
With eyes of blue
She is so lovely,
So bright, so true.

ARTIS DIEFENDORF

If you want some entertainment,
Or witty sayings, spicy, tart,
Or say, a smile, that's sure worth while,
I'll tell the world, "Just go to Art."

HELEN McMAHON

I like her manner,
She beats the rest a mile.
I like her laughter,
And the sunshine of her smile.

DOROTHY WESTCOTT

Dorothy is a loving lass,
And is a Pro Merito in our class,
To her we wish success and fame,
And a smooth path to the heights of the same.

MARY BRODERICK

Laughing, talking, debonair,
Never seems to have a care,
Always ready for some fun,
Comes to class with lessons done.

REGINALD BAILEY

He's some dancer,
There's no one else but—
Girls! on the dance floor,
Watch him strut.

SADIE CARR

Thoughtful, quiet, and rather shy,
Her aims run up ever so high,
She works with all her might and main,
That time may not be spent in vain.

MARY O'BRIEN

Mary is a very bashful girl,
But just the same she is smart,
Let's hope she will always be so,
Even though we have to part.

NETTIE SACKETT

Nettie is as clever as any girl can be,
She's as popular as anyone, you see!
We like her smile, it's sure worth while,
And her clothes are all the latest style.

LUCY EAHEART

From Virginia to Pittsfield, she came,
In all classes won her fame,
By winning ways and happy smiles,
She has helped us through all our trials.

PAULINE POTTER

Pauline Potter, so they say,
Worked in the drug store every day,
She always worked without a pout,
And would have been there yet, But—
they sold out.

PHALICE SEARS

She has long yellow hair,
And a complexion as fair,
As any girl in the class
Phalice is truly a lovable lass.

BESSIE KLEIN

Bessie Klein is the "Val" of our class,
In her studies she has never been sur-
passed,
When out into this world she goes,
Failure is going to meet an unconquerable foe.

LEO O'NEIL

To Leo, the cutest boy in our class,
We do bestow our lessons,
And hope that he will reach the heights,
Of the rocky road to big successes.

HELEN RING

H. V. R., her initials are:
Helen Veronica Ring is her name,
Stockbridge is her residing place,
And to reach success is her aim.

ARLENE ESTES

Arlene is a worker,
Always is she steady,
When there is class work to be done,
She is always willing and ready.

JOHN SEDGWICK

John likes to play football,
About lessons, he cares not at all,
He teases the girls all the time,
And the boys think he's just fine.

MILDRED RICE

Here's to Mildred, our class athlete,
With her 'tis true none can compete,
"Attention class" will be her rule,
In the gym of our new high school.

WILLIS WILLBRANT

Willis Willbrant is our brightest boy,
No need to study has he,
But even so, he is not the kind
That acts so very care free.

MADELINE LUNDBERG

Speak of "thing" and Madeline's there,
She's our girl with the light blonde hair,
She's a good sport, and a good scholar too,
And has reached the goal, attained by few.

CAMILLA HARMON

Camilla is our most studious girl,
Comes to school from day to day,
With lessons done; she's bright and gay,
Oh why, then go back to Monterey?

OLIVE MAC ARTHUR

Olive is a quiet lass,
She's full of wit you know,
She's so demure throughout the class,
And we do love her so.

Now I've read to you the story,
Of every student in this class,
We've all enjoyed your company,
But now—time's going fast;
We'll soon be leaving this dear school,
To go out in this world so wide,
But one more word—I say, one more,
'Tis the simple word, "Goodbye."

The Heights

The Height of Folly:

To copy from a dumbbell's paper.

The Height of Nerve:

To ask the teacher to give you A so you can be certified.

The Height of Good Luck:

To hear the bell ring as you start to bluff a recitation.

The Height of Tough Luck:

To prepare the lessons for five days and not to be called on, then miss a day and hear your name called.

The Height of Expectation:

To take it easy for a couple of months and expect A for the term.

Julia Rosenthal, Commercial.

ATHLETICS

Star Athletes

Pittsfield High loses by graduation this year many letter men in its various branches of sport. The two most prominent are "Bob" Heister and "Eddie" Stickles. Heister made seven letters and "Eddie" made the same number.

Heister came to Pittsfield in September, 1922. He was ineligible for football that fall because of the three months' residence rule. He played the fall of '23 and made a name for himself as a backfield man. He was ineligible for the team the last season because he was out of school for more than ten days when classes started last September. The three basketball seasons he was here he played regularly. He proved to be one of the best guards of the county. "Bob" went to the Tufts' Tournament and to the Chicago Tournament with the team during the season of 1923-24. At the Tufts' Tournament Heister was picked for second All-New England guard. In his last year, '24-'25, "Bob" was picked by eight sport writers for a position on All-Berkshire teams. "Bob" became leader of the team in his last year and proved his worth. He played baseball the three seasons he was here. He filled his position well, either at second base or behind the bat.

"Bob" always showed rare judgment on the field of play. He always played a clean, hard game and he certainly deserves all the credit given him.

"Eddie's" best sport was basketball. He made his letter in this sport three times. He was captain of the team part of the season of '24-'25 when his running mate, "Bob," was out with a severely sprained ankle. "Eddie" was picked for All-Berkshire teams by six different sporting writers during his last season. Stickles played at Tufts and Chicago with the team the season Heister went. He was picked for third All-New England guard, just being "nosed" out by his teammate, "Bob." The last two seasons he has been a member of the baseball team. He played in the outfield. His hitting was valuable as he often placed a hit when it was most needed. He played in the backfield on the football team during the seasons of '23 and '24.

"Eddie" was reliable. Regardless of the position he was placed in, he managed to "come thru."

WEARERS OF THE "P"

Basketball

Coach, John T. Carmody
Robert Heister (captain), '25
Fayette Controy, '25
Francis Campion, '26
Arnold Rose, '26
Sidney Cusick, '26
Edgar Almstead, '27

Manager, Maynard Robbins
Edward Stickles, '25
Thomas Doyle, '25
Edward Connelly, '26
Ralph Garner, '26
Henry Garrison, '27

Football

Coach, John T. Carmody
Assistant Coach, George Childs
Edgar Almstead, '27
James Maloy, '25
Norman Hollister, '25
Clarence Trudell, '26
Charles Sullivan, '26
Frank Combs, '26
Herald Ano, '26
Robert Nolan, '26
Edward Stickles, '25

Manager, Everett Stewart
Captain, Thomas Doyle, '25
Daniel Potter, '26
Joseph Hickey, '25
Thomas Hanford, '27
Raymond Hayn, '25
Herbert Heaney, '25
Henry Garrison, '27
Joseph Angelo, '25
William Whalen, '26

Track

Coach, John T. Carmody
Charles Edwards, '25
Ralph Conway, '26
Arno Salo, '25
Howard Hulsman, '25
Donald Ringie, '25
George Donald, '25
Robert Crowley, '27
William Crowley, '26
George Bastow, '27
Thomas Eramo, '26

Manager, Robert Shepardson
Fred Chester, '27
Daniel Potter, '26
Harvey Weitzel, '26
Clarence Trudell, '26
Merrill Tabor, '26
Herbert Heaney, '25
Joseph Hickey, '25
James Maloy, '25
Norman Hollister, '25

Baseball

Coach, George Childs
William Whalen, (captain), '26
Edward Stickles, '25
Herald Price, '26
Harry Daniels, '27
Joseph Angelo, '25
Ralph Garner, '26
Charles Sullivan, '26
Robert Nolan, '26
Francis Campion, '26

Manager, Charles Coyle
Edward Connelly, '26
Frank Combs, '26
Edgar Almstead, '27
Robert Heister, '26
Philip Bruno, '28
Charles Robinson, '28
Fred Hall, '28
James McIntosh, '26
Thomas Meagher, '26

* * *

Dot Newhall: "Think of those Spaniards going three thousand miles on a galleon!"

Deac Robbins: "Aw, forget it. You can't believe all you hear about these foreign cars."

* * *

Mrs. Bennett: "I am getting some rare work from the seniors."

L. Young: "Rare?"

Mrs. Bennett: "Yes—not well done."

ALUMNI NOTES

'15 Brenda Cameron has taken a position as principal of Hopkin's Hall, Burlington, Vt.

On June 12th, the class of 1915 held a most delightful tenth reunion at the Maplewood Hotel in Pittsfield. Sixty members of the class returned to renew old acquaintance and relive their high school days. Mrs. Anna F. Bennett and Mr. William D. Goodwin, of the high school faculty were among the speakers. So pleasant was the occasion, that it was voted to hold the reunion regularly every five years.

'16 The engagement of Eda Gwinnell to Lawrence Hathaway of Middletown, Conn., was recently announced.

'20 Charlotte Wilson has received the Sargent-Twiness honor at the Sargent School. It is the highest honor to be given at the school. She is to serve as councillor at the Sargent Camp at Peterboro, N. H. during the summer.

'21 Marion Patten is one of an instrumental trio which will soon begin summer engagements with the Swarthmore Chautauqua.

Evelyn Gregory graduates this month from the College of New Rochelle.

Marion White is graduating from Wellesley.

Hubert Shepardson is graduating from Harvard.

Clark Harding will graduate from Williams.

William Cole will receive his diploma from St. Stephen's College.

Henry Barber and Ida Viale will graduate from Syracuse university.

Roland Barnfather is graduating from Dartmouth.

'22 Eleanor Hynes, Mable Palmer and Mable Mackie are graduating from Westfield Normal.

'23 Ina Moore receives her diploma from Miss Wheelock's School.

Lucy Jacobs and Margaret Murphy are among the honor pupils who are graduating from The Elms.

Celia Weltman, Agnes Tompson and Mary Eagan are graduating from Westfield Normal.

Edith Fenton will graduate from the Framingham Normal School.

'24 "Al" Williams is graduating from Williston.

"Herb" Wollison has been awarded five of the Hoosac school honors. They include three athletic honors with letters for football, basketball and baseball; also two silver cups, one for the best school spirit, and the other for the school song.

'25 Allen Backman, an ex-member, won the highest scholarship honors conferred by Culver Military academy. His average for the last two years was 93.88.

* * * *

Marion Morrison: "Why all the smiles?"

Agnes Wentworth: "Someone in the joke department turned in a joke that can be used."

* * * *

H. Clark: "Oh, did you hear the Chimney Swallow?"

J. Maloy: "That wasn't the chimney, it was I."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Looking Out the Window

"The Enfield Echo"—Thompsonville, Conn.—In reviewing your Junior number, we find a pleasing and enjoyable magazine. Your numerous short stories are very well written up and interesting. We suggest that you enlarge your other departments as you have covered your literary department.

"The Raequet"—Portland, Maine.—What an appropriate cover for the May issue, and the very first story we turned to—what a thrilling, exciting one. If you had a few more of that kind added to your Literary Department, you would have a department that would be a great boost to your magazine. Our only suggestion is that you keep your ads all together.

"The Herald"—Westfield, Mass.—We were rather disappointed on not receiving any helpful suggestion from your magazine. Nevertheless, seeing that you had not criticized your other exchanges, we took it for granted that you were not in the habit of doing so. It would be a great improvement to your book if you did and if also you added a few poems. We liked the article "Which Page Will You Have" very much. It made us reflect whether or not the minister had been quite right and that his words should be considered by all editors of papers and magazines.

"Spice"—Morristown, Pa.—A very interesting and creditable magazine. The literary department is one to be proud of as is also the Alumni Department. Our only suggestion is that you keep your ads separated from the rest of the magazine.

"Herald"—Holyoke, Mass.—We always like to receive your magazine and spend our spare moments in reading your Short Stories, but this month we were rather disappointed as there were very few to read. Your Exchange Department is very cleverly written up but is a little too short. We enjoyed reading the account of your "Student Council" as Pittsfield High also has one to boast of. We would suggest that you enlarge your Alumni Notes.

"The Hartfordian," Hartford, Vt.—We enjoyed reading your Commencement number. Your departments were all very well written up. We have enjoyed reading your magazine.

"Hardwickian"—Hardwick, Vt.—Your magazine is one that is always welcome. It is well-balanced and very interesting. The few cuts that you have are very good and we would suggest that you get others for the remaining departments.

"Shucis"—Schenectady, N. Y.—What an exceptionally fine lot of real fiction. We really spend an enjoyable hour in reading over your magazine. We like the way you have your Alumni Notes written up, but it would not at all do if you had very many—which we suggest that you should have. Your School Notes are very well covered as are also your Exchanges.

Looking in the Window

One of the most individual publications sent to us is the "Student's Pen". It is published by the students of the Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass. Their section called "Book Reviews" is very good. There is nothing in the book that could be left out; and nothing not in that is needed to make it better.

"Cherry Tree," Ft. George Hill, N. Y.

Student's Pen is a complete book and its editorials are very original and clever.

"Shucis," Schenectady, N. Y.

Student's Pen—Your literary department gives evidence of ability among your students. Your book reviews are also interesting.

"Raequet," Portland, Maine

Student's Pen—You are worthy of your name as the literary department testifies.

"Spice," Norristown, Pa.

Student's Pen—Your book reviews and stories are excellent. We also liked your editorials. We wish you success.

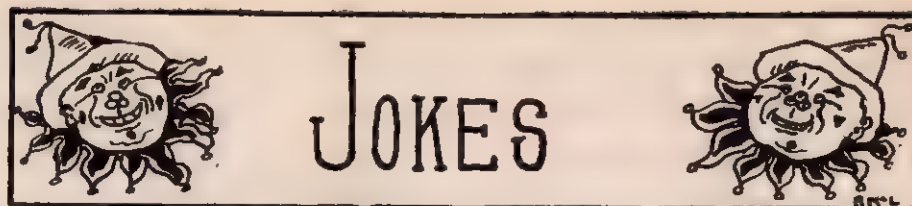
"C. H. S. Reflector," Carthage, N. Y.

Student's Pen—Your school notes and the jokes are exceptionally good, but the magazine as a whole could be greatly improved by the addition of some stories—real fiction.

"Delphian," Providence, R. I.

Student's Pen—Your April issue was splendid. Your magazine is well arranged. Why not give the line-ups of your different teams.

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass.



Chuck Owen: "I came out of that barber shop like a tortoise."

Jerry Linnehan: "Like a tortoise?"

Owen: "Yeh—leaving the hare behind."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "You call yourself a senior and you don't even have a pencil."

Jim Maloy: "Well, if I were a farmer you wouldn't expect me to carry a cow, would you?"

* * * *

Slim Salo: "Doctor says that I must limit my diet to sea foods."

Agnes Wentworth: "Very well, tell your mother to have sponge cake for dinner."

* * * *

Esther Levin: "Are you familiar with Lord Chesterfield?"

Eddie Stickles: "Sure, I smoke his cigarettes."

* * * *

If all the Senior A's were lined up at 8:30 A. M. they would stretch from 8:30 to 2 P. M.

* * * *

Conductor: "Tickets! Tickets!"

Ev. Bird: "Here's mine."

Newsboy: "Chewing gum?"

Ev. Bird: "No, you don't! I gave you my tickets but you can't have my gum."

* * * *

B. Klein: "Will you have some pie?"

A. Quirk: "Is it compulsory?"

B. Klein: "No, apple."

* * * *

Waiter: "Yes, sir; everything in this place has a story."

Ev. Stewart: "Well, do tell me the quaint old story of these eggs."

* * * *

R. Trego: "How do you keep your balloon trousers from bagging at the knees?"

Chuck Owen: "I walk backward."

* * * *

L. Pritchard: "Do you take a good picture?"

L. Pierce: "Yes, when the storekeeper isn't looking."

* * * *

Muriel MacArthur: "And do they have reindeer in Canada?"

Mart Reilly: "No, darling; it always snows."

* * * *

Mary Ryan: "What is a shingle bob?"

Bert Heaney: "A chip off the back of the block."

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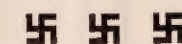
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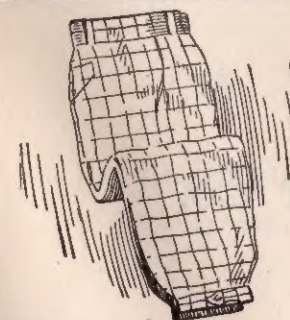
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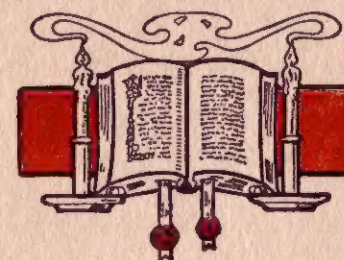
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